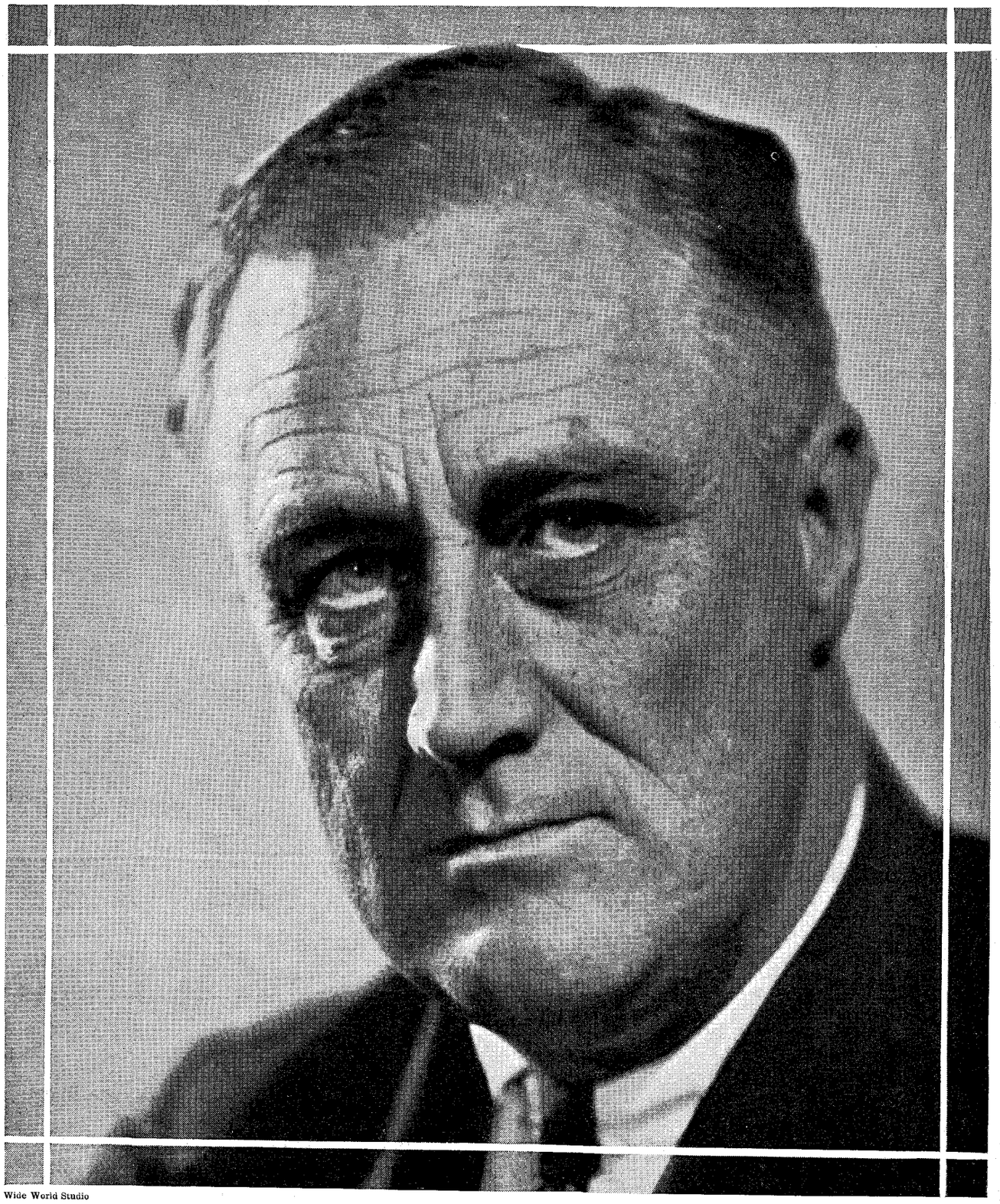
The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1932



Wide World Studio

"COURAGE..... INTEGRITY.....ABILITY TO GET THINGS DONE"

—From the speech of Judge John E. Mack, nominating Franklin D. Roosevelt.

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Franklin D. Roosevelt's Strength and Weakness

THE 1932 CAMPAIGN STARTS IN THE SKY.

For the first time in our political history a Presidential candidate flies through the air to tell a convention that he accepts the nomination.

The Democratic party, with a precedent-smashing Roosevelt for its candidate, wonders whether it will duplicate the triumphs that the Republicans enjoyed under their Roosevelt.

And a nation of radio listeners turns to music and sport as the echoes of days and nights of political oratory die away.

For once Democrats and Republicans are equally happy as the campaign starts, if some of our political writers are to be believed. In Washington all Democrats willing to talk for publication insist that Roosevelt's success on the fourth ballot, with 945 votes out of the convention's 1,154, indicates that the united party will swing to victory behind the Democratic Governor who has twice demonstrated his ability to carry the great Empire State. Republicans in the capital, equally jubilant, declare that Roosevelt is the weakest possible Democratic candidate, and that his nomination guarantees Hoover's reelection. One wisecracking Republican Senator has called Franklin D. Roosevelt "God's greatest gift to the Republican party."

But we may take the Miami *Herald* as the representative of a great number of Democratic papers when it says: "The party has a valiant and popular leader upon whom all can unite; now for the victory." The whole situation seems to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* to point toward Democratic success:

"Turning down all cowardly subterfuges, the party stood squarely behind an honest declaration on Prohibition; advanced a comprehensive and statesman-like program for the economic rehabilitation of the nation; picked an outstanding figure in American public life as its standard bearer in 1932, and adjourned without becoming involved in an internecine strife to a degree that will split the party at the polls in November."

IT can not be denied that Governor Roosevelt fairly earned the nomination, argues the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.):

"He had steadily gathered behind him delegates representing a large majority of the States.

"They were attracted to him no doubt by mixed motives. But they were able truthfully to point to the fact that he had been an acceptable Governor of New York. They knew that he had been hard working and intelligent in making himself a master of the public business of this State. They saw him, in the crisis forced upon the Legislature by the continued depression, towering above almost all other governors in demanding that the State appropriate funds for the needy men and women out of jobs, and do it by levying new taxes in order to provide the $20,000,000 requisite.

"On the whole, his record as Governor warranted the belief that he was capable of becoming an efficient President.

"This is not to make light of his personal appeal. He was felt by a multitude of men and women to represent a fine family legend in our public life. He was different from the other Roosevelt, but still he was a Roosevelt. There was the earlier knowledge of him as a high-bred and educated man giving himself to the public service; and latterly there was the spectacle of his long and uncomplaining and gallant fight against a crippling disease which has not impaired his general health or disabled him from intense and sustained mental activity.

"Undoubtedly it was by this ideal of the man that hundreds were drawn to his political support. The more perceptive among them doubtless felt that their hero had somewhat fallen away from their hopes of him in his hesitant dealings with proved corruption in this city. But they were willing to set this down as a temporary sacrifice on the altar of practical politics, to be made up for when larger opportunities and greater power came to him."

"If Roosevelt remembers his 'forgotten man,' the Republicans will have hard work stopping him," so William Allen White remarks, as quoted by Arthur Brisbane in the New York *American*.

AMONG Democrats not enthusiastic over the Roosevelt personality there is a feeling, according to Theodore C. Wallen of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that the party's stand on Prohibition would be enough to save it in the big Eastern States, regardless of the candidate, and that the traditionally dry South would not bolt on account of Prohibition alone." Moreover—

"There is a wide-spread second-thought feeling that Governor Roosevelt, after all, will prove to be a strong candidate in this situation. He has a magic name in American politics, it is pointed out; has culture and the manner of a thoroughbred, and, among factors influential with the housevives, has a pleasing radio voice.

"Offsetting his personal swing toward the left, to the concern of conservative business interests, it is pointed out, is the party platform, which is a model of clarity and brevity, and is certainly not radical."

Some of the strongest expressions of faith in the Democratic party's new leader come from the Philadelphia *Record*. It is as "a sincere and trustworthy liberal" that *The Record* endorses him. And it thinks that in this liberalism Roosevelt has "that dynamic personal philosophy which the nation is demanding in this year of depression." Roosevelt is definitely a progressive, explains Elliott Thurston, Washington correspondent of the same newspaper. He "expresses and symbolizes the dissent from the 'Hoover-Raskob doctrine.'" "He is not radical enough to suit the Socialists, but he is too liberal to suit the conservative standpatters." Roosevelt's championship of the "forgotten man" is contrasted favorably with Hoover's "rugged individualism."

BUT not all progressives or liberals warm to candidate Roosevelt. The Scripps-Howard papers, which preferred Alfred E. Smith, now accept Roosevelt without enthusiasm. The New York *World-Telegram*, which has spoken of Roosevelt as "lacking the necessary vision and courage of great leadership," says after the nomination that its opinion still stands. But it hopes "with the utmost sincerity that the future conduct of Mr. Roosevelt himself as Governor and as Presidential candidate will give us cause to revise that opinion."

In *The Nation* Oswald Garrison Villard calls Roosevelt unsatisfactory, and sees no reason why people should turn to him merely because he is "a good and charming fellow." In the same magazine Mauritz A. Hallgren finds Roosevelt's chief fault to be his lack of decision, his eagerness to please, and it is because of these qualities that "he overlooks his pretensions to liberalism and bows to the will of the power trust, the bankers, the reactionary leaders of labor, to Tammany, and the McCooey ring."

Republicans feel that they can win against Roosevelt, reports David Lawrence of the Consolidated Press. According to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), "Republican leadership in Washington has been hoping right along that the choice will fall upon him." In California the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.) remarks that "the figure cast by Roosevelt before the American people, so large in the beginning, has grown rapidly less until the widespread present impression is that the candidate now nominated

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has less prospect of success than would any of his principal opponents, if they could have been nominated in the same way."

The Democratic candidate seems to the Boston *Herald* (Rep.) "deficient in the qualities of leadership and statesmanship" and inferior "in character, ability, and intellectual impact to his chief rivals in the party." The Providence *Journal* (Ind.) regrets that the nomination of Roosevelt "does not measure up to the needs of the time." The Sioux Falls *Argus Leader* hopes that Roosevelt will now turn from the rôle of an angler for votes to that of a statesman.

And in his own State, the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* recalls that the Governor entered public life in "a blaze of glory" when he fought Tammany in the New York Assembly, that after he "started brilliantly" he "progressed surely." But in the Governship he "lost in public regard." The New York daily points out that the Governor's delegates "were gained early while his last sweeping victory was still fresh in mind, and before the shift in the opinion of his New York constituents was realized in other States." And "as the final touch of irony in the record of Governor Roosevelt's political fortunes stands the fact that he finally gained the nomination without any real aid from the political machine which he stooped to placate." The editorial concludes with the friendly declaration that "New Yorkers, whether Republicans or Democrats, would be glad to see again before the end of the campaign the Roosevelt who earned his spurs so bravely in his youth."

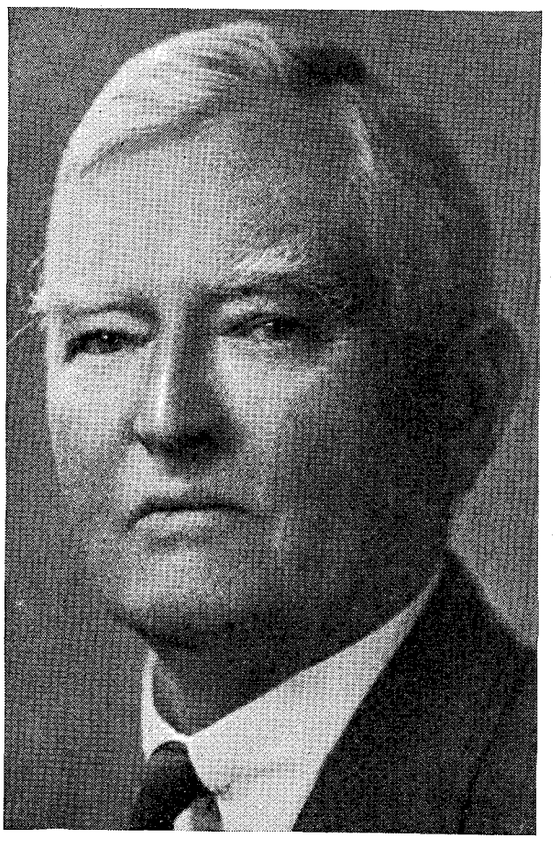
LAST week's convention was so completely and fully reported by radio that we need hardly recall its eventful history. The Roosevelt forces quickly demonstrated their control by being able to dictate on all matters of organization. When it came to the balloting the "stop-Roosevelt" leaders managed to hold their lines firm for three ballots. The Roosevelt vote grew from 666¼, to 677¾, to 682¾. It became evident that Alfred E. Smith was the only serious minority candidate, his vote on the three ballots being 201¾, 194¼, and 190¼. Speaker Garner, with 90¼ votes on the first two ballots, went to 101¼ on the third. The rest of the scattering votes went to favorite sons on all three ballots with little change. When the convention reconvened after recessing from early Friday morning to late the same evening, it was evident that the day's conferences had borne fruit. When California was reached in the roll-call William G. McAdoo came to the platform to speak for the delegates. Delayed by jeers from the disappointed pro-Smith galleries, and the outburst of enthusiasm by the Roosevelt delegates who knew what was coming, he explained that in the interests of party unity Mr. Garner had released his California and Texas votes, giving Roosevelt his necessary two-thirds majority. As the balloting proceeded practically all the delegates jumped for the band-wagon with the exception of the faithful Smith following, consisting of the entire Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Rhode Island delegations, 63 of New York's 94 (including the Tammany group), and a few others.

THE secret of Roosevelt's overwhelming success is variously explained. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.) thinks that "Roosevelt's strength as a reaper of delegates grew chiefly because he got into the field early and captured scores of delegates before any other formidable candidate had announced himself."

The Roosevelt boom gathered a momentum that imprest the politicians, observes the New York *Times*. When the convention met "the opposition forces had no leader upon whom they could unite," the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* recalls.

A number of observers point out that Roosevelt was able to hold together the South and the West in opposition to the urban democracy. With the 1932 convention the Democratic party turns from the Eastern conservatism of Raskob and Smith, and now "the radicalism of the West is in the ascendency," writes George Van Slyke in the New York *Sun*. "The party looks back to the plains of the West whence came its inspiration in 1896." "A dangerous schism" between the dominant Roosevelt forces and "the die-hard Smith element" still remains, we are told. Unquestionably, in this writer's opinion, "the mainspring of Roosevelt's strength in the West and South was the fear that Al Smith would dominate this convention again, and possibly win the nomination for himself." To prevent this the West and South "turned to Roosevelt."

The Roosevelt forces made many blunders in the opening hours of the convention. But that was all wiped out, continues Mr. Van Slyke. Just as the anti-Roosevelt forces were preparing



For Vice-President, John Nance Garner

to fight him as a straddler on Prohibition the Roosevelt leaders got behind the repeal plank representing Smith's views. This cut the ground from under Smith's feet; "he had nothing left to fight about." As Mr. Van Slyke concludes:

"By this skilful maneuver Roosevelt has strengthened himself in the very spots where he was weakest, the East. He has helped materially to break down the wide-spread belief that he could not come to a decision on a big question, and strangest of all does not appear to have suffered loss in the driest of the dry States."

AND William Hard, in a radio talk interpreting the Roosevelt victory, says that radio played an important part in the jump to the band-wagon. The delegates knew that the long-drawn-out and acrimonious Thursday night session made a bad impression on a listening country, and they met for the final voting determined to make a show of harmony and efficiency.

Finally, there was the shift of California and Texas which put Roosevelt over. Arthur Krock of the New York *Times* writes:

"The development as to the Pacific and Southwestern States came as a result of the unwillingness of William G. McAdoo and William Randolph Hearst [who backed Garner] either to permit Tammany to get the credit for the Presidential nomination or by further resistance to Mr. Roosevelt to risk the nomination of Newton D. Baker, whose international policies are disapproved by Mr. Hearst."

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The Democratic Repeal Splash

"OFF WENT THE LID.

"Delegates and spectators were on their feet in one wild whoop.

"Hats and standards went into the air. The band and the organ struck up the 'stein song.' The shouting and uproar grew to a terrific din. 'How Dry I Am' swung through the air."

Thus, as Edwin S. McIntosh describes it in the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Prohibition issue exploded in the face of the Democratic convention.

But it was really a series of explosions, blast following terrific blast, and "the thunder of the captains and the shouting" rising higher and higher as the sweltering convention fought out the issue in a dramatic night session.

The Democratic Repeal Plank

We favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

To effect such repeal, we demand that the Congress immediately propose a Constitutional amendment to truly representative conventions in the States called to act solely on that proposal.

We urge the enactment of such measures by the several States as will actually promote temperance, effectively prevent the return of the saloon, and bring the liquor traffic into the open under complete supervision and control by the States.

We demand that the Federal Government effectively exercise its power to enable the States to protect themselves against importation of intoxicating liquors in violation of their laws.

Pending repeal, we favor immediate modification of the Volstead Law to legalize the manufacture and sale of beer and other beverages of such alcoholic content as is permissible under the Constitution, and to provide therefrom a proper and needed revenue.

And when it was all over—when an overwhelming vote of 934 to 213 had indorsed the majority plank calling for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and favoring immediate modification of the Volstead Law—the country settled back to assay the significance of this wet splash in the Democratic platform.

And a remarkable platform it is, in more ways than one, as even its critics admit. One of the briefest in American political history, it contains only 1,396 words. For the first time since the adoption of Prohibition, it puts a major party on record as opposed to the dry law.

AMONG the immediate reactions to the wet plank are:

Predictions of dry leaders that many of their followers will vote for the Republican party, whose platform does not call for repeal but only submission.

Predictions that many Republicans will vote the Democratic ticket to register their demand for repeal.

A move in Congress to initiate efforts for modification of the Volstead Law to permit beer and light wines.

"The Democratic party," says the Washington *Post* (Rep.) in an analytical editorial, "stakes its existence upon this plank." The party, "for good or ill, and with unprecedented boldness, identifies itself with a single issue. It is a noble experiment."

But lest we get too excited over this Prohibition business, let us quote another view before turning back to that wild night at Chicago when Alfred E. Smith saw his repeal-plank dream come true. One of the realities of the matter, says the Boston *Herald*, (Rep.) "is that 'immediate' as applied to 'repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment' or to 'modification of the Volstead Law,' does not mean much."

"The amending process might take seven years if it were initiated to-day," says *The Herald*. "Modification is possible only if Congress chooses to act. Even 'Al' Smith's forceful sponsorship of the repeal plank can not work miracles in a month or a year." Furthermore, asserts this paper, altho there are many editors who disagree:

"Prohibition is now getting more attention than it will receive later. It will be a theme of warm discussion until some definite steps at reform are taken, but that is not to say that there will be any party advantage in the Prohibition controversy this year. There is little difference in the practical effects of the two or three major remedies proposed.

"It is business, the economic recovery of the nation, which will rivet the attention of the people when the campaign gets going. Everything else will be subordinated to that almost completely. A candidate will rise or fall on the belief of the people in his ability to guide them out of the depression better than his rival can."

And another Boston paper, *The Globe*, points out that—

"Triumphant at both conventions, the wets now face a prodigious task—to convince two-thirds of both Houses of Congress to obey the party platforms, and to induce a majority of voters in thirty-six States to accept a Constitutional change."

IF the convention was, as H. L. Mencken says in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, "the death-bed of Prohibition," the convention hall was anything but deathlike. Vocal dynamite exploded all over the place. Bedlam broke loose the instant that former Senator Hitchcock, reading the platform to the delegates, uttered the words: "We favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment."

By a sudden shift this plank had emerged as the majority report of the Resolutions Committee, which recommended it 35 to 17. The minority report advocated submission of the Prohibition question. But it never stood a chance.

For fifteen minutes, the yelling, singing, parading delegates whooped it up for the repeal plank.

Then Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, leading off for the extreme wets, demanded adoption of the majority plank amid torrents of cheers.

Next came Senator Cordell Hull of Tennessee to plead valiantly, but in vain, for the milder plank. A verbal manhandling was the treatment given him by the rowdy galleryites, but he struggled on, arguing against the hurricane.

And again the lid flew off when Alfred E. Smith, in red necktie and wilted collar, rose to battle for the plank he always has favored. The convention "went wild" over him, giving him one of the greatest demonstrations yet accorded. But "Al" really had little fighting to do. He was prepared, the reporters tell us, to battle the Roosevelt forces to the last ditch for that repeal plank. But he was more or less disarmed, we read, when the Roosevelt generals capitulated to the extreme wet demands in the Resolutions Committee. And after the convention had voted, Governor Roosevelt was quick to give the plank his blessing. "I am for it," he said.

Twenty-three States voted solidly for repeal, we read, and in thirty-seven States there was a majority for it. Three voted solidly against repeal and eight returned a majority against it.

Those solidly for repeal were Arizona, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

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The States solidly against repeal were Georgia, Mississippi, and Oklahoma.

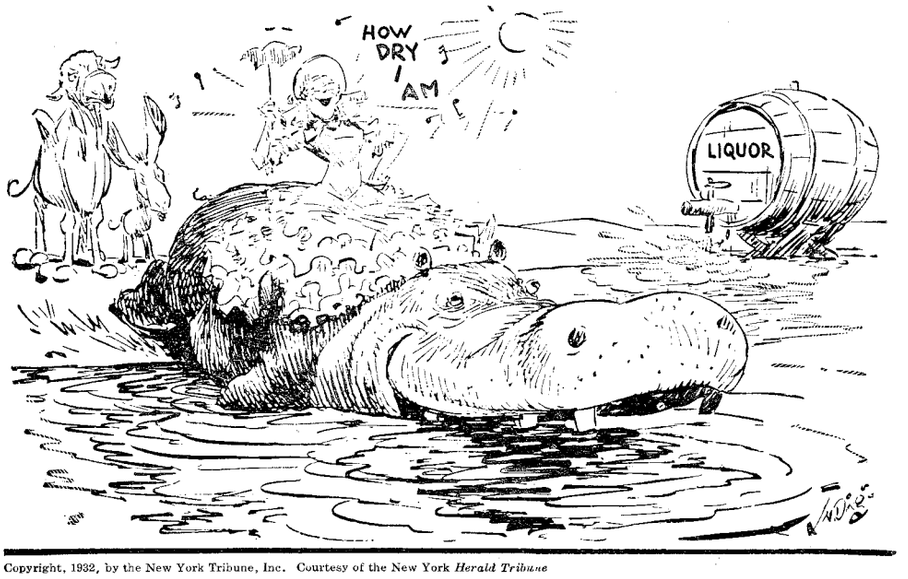
A majority against repeal was recorded by Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Kansas, North Carolina, South Dakota, West Virginia, and Virginia.

So great was the turmoil over the repeal plank that the rest of the platform was, for a time, overshadowed. But as the first excitement died away, observers began turning their attention to the platform as a whole. The other planks will be discust in later articles.

Turning now to the editorial reaction, we find what might be expected by any one who has heard of our Prohibition problem—some dry Democratic editors make wry faces over the repeal plank, while some wet Republicans congratulate their foes for courageous action. On other parts of the platform there is, of course, the same old party fight.

Quotations from two Democratic papers will give a hint of the wrench over repeal. Says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

"Here is Democracy's offer to the American people to free themselves from the crushing domination of a Constitutional provision which has sheltered outlawry and encouraged the organization of an underworld now grown so powerful as to defy law, and to jeopardize the very foundations of society."



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The Chief Anxiety of the Democrats Seems to Be That Their Wet Stand Will Not Be Misunderstood

—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

But *The Arkansas Gazette* "would still have the country put its faith in the enforcement of law rather than in the placation of impatience with the law." And it "is not convinced that in the United States with its laxity in administration and law enforcement, we could ever have the manufacture and sale of liquor without the evils that moved the country to adopt national Prohibition."

But "at last Prohibition repeal is in sight" rejoices the New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.). "The Democrats have begun to free America from one of the most tragic mistakes in our legislative history."

Altho attacking other parts of the platform for "radicalism" or vagueness, the stalwart Republican New York *Herald Tribune* praises the declaration on repeal as "a model political plank." "The best thing of its kind we have ever seen," agrees the New York *Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.), sighing because the Republican party failed to take like action. The Republican wets, says *The Evening Post*, "apparently were not consulted. Had they been, they could have told Mr. Hoover, better than could the cloistered, self-blinded drys, how fast America was turning against Prohibition. They would have told them that the Literary Digest poll was right (and both national conventions have overwhelmingly proved it right)."

"Public opinion revolted so thoroughly against Republican pussyfooting," says the Newark *Evening News* (Ind.), "that the Democrats were practically stampeded into dripping wetness by the reaction. Had the Republicans been a little less cunning the Democrats would have been a little less wet. Prohibition is doomed. The wets must use their victory sensibly."

"In pledging itself to repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment," adds the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind. Dem.), "the Democratic party has returned to its colors as the party of States' rights, and availed itself of the great opportunity left it by the straddling Republicans."

"Whether he approves of repeal or not," asserts the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), "one must approve of the kind of party leadership that dares to follow its Prohibition convictions to their logical goal." And to this paper the new platform "redeems the party from the pale centrism that has for twelve uncourageous years kept it a poor imitation of Republicanism."

Various reactions are shown by dry papers. Some make the best of the repeal plank; others denounce it.

The plank is "unfortunate, both as an attempted expression of party sentiment and as a matter of political strategy," declares the Jackson (Miss.) *Daily News* (Dem.). "It holds out the hope that Democracy will consolidate its forces to work for repeal, when Democracy will not do anything of the sort."

In Utah, "where chances for Democratic victory appeared favorable," those chances are lessened, according to the Salt Lake City *Deseret News* (Ind.).

"No amount of eloquence, wind, bluff, and hot air," asserts the Topeka *Daily Capital* (Rep.), "can drown down the fact that the Democratic platform protects nothing whatever relating to liquor except the saloon."

Altho a foe of the Eighteenth Amendment, the Macon *Telegraph* (Dem.) fears the party has made a mistake which "will engender bitterness and fanaticism" and "exile from the party honest drys."

"Instead of discouraging them," says the Winston-Salem *Journal* (Ind. Dem.), "the action of the Republican and Democratic conventions this year should serve to arouse the friends of the Prohibition cause as they have not been in a decade."

Ernest H. Cherrington, general secretary of the World League Against Alcohol, is quoted by the New York *Times* to the effect that there are now more than thirteen States, the number necessary to block repeal, that will stand by the drys.

A hammering attack is made by Bishop James Cannon, Jr., Virginia Democrat, leader of the anti-Smith bolt of 1928, who declares that "millions of self-respecting men and women will unhesitantly and indignantly repudiate this unprecedented effort by the national convention, largely composed of hand-picked political leaders, to bind the opinions and actions of the rank and file of the party on moral questions."

In the rôle of a peacemaker, *The Arkansas Democrat* says of the plank:

"It should be welcomed by both wets and drys, if they believe the right of the people to govern themselves remains one of the blessings of Democratic government."

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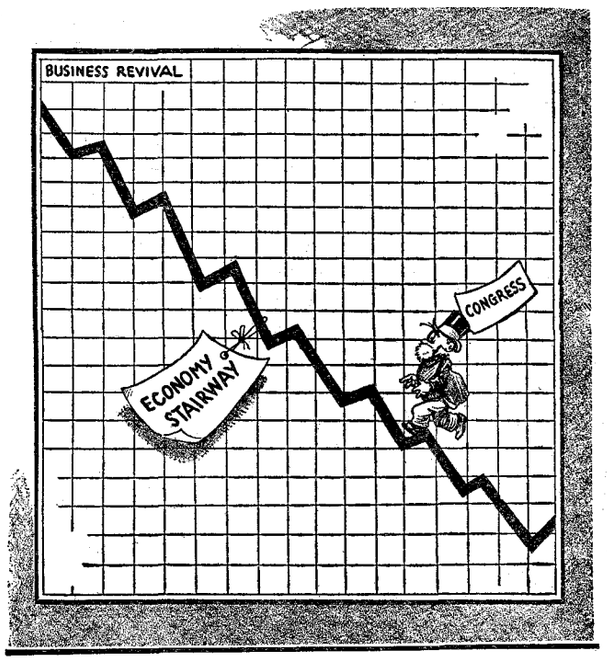
Economy by Furlough

THE FURLOUGH PLAN WINS in the contest over Federal economy schemes, and at once becomes a campaign issue.

At first sight it looks like a Hoover victory, since both Senate and House eventually came round to accept the payless vacation idea instead of a straight cut in the pay of Federal em-



Getting on the Right Track at Last
—Byck in the Brooklyn "Times."

ployees. Republican orators will undoubtedly play up this Presidential success, says the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.).

But the Democrats for their part can not be stopt, we are told, "from answering Republican claims for Mr. Hoover with their own claims that the straight pay-cut which they proposed would have saved more than the furlough plan," and that Mr. Hoover ought to have acted earlier.

How the public will react to these counter-claims will, in *The Republican's* opinion, "depend upon experience with the furlough plan during the next four months."

The furlough plan would seem to place pay-reductions where they can best be borne, in the opinion of the Cleveland *News*. After all, says the Washington *Post*, "it is only a temporary expedient to help the Government over a rough place":

"When the emergency has passed employees will not be required to take vacations without pay. Nor will they have to fight for a reinstatement of their former wage scales."

BUT the measure is not a good one, as the New York *Herald Tribune* sees it:

"Our legislators' failure to disturb a dollar of the extravagant and unjust expenditure under veterans' relief somewhat tempers admiration for their courage in reducing the Federal employees."

"One of the most illogical and confused measures ever enacted by Congress," the Washington *Evening Star* calls it. It just shows that economy is a "flop," says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*—

"No private business with its income cut in half would be content with a 4 to 5 per cent. reduction in its expenditures. Yet such is the financial position to-day of the nation's biggest business, the Federal Government."

The economy bill, with estimated savings running from $150,000,000 to $165,000,000, went to conference after differences between House and Senate. The conference report was accepted first by the House, and afterward on June 28, by the Senate. A correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* points out that, as finally worked out—

"The Federal pay-roll cut provides for a thirty-day furlough without pay for all Federal employees receiving more than $1,000 a year. Except for the constitutional provision which prevents the reduction of the salaries of the President and Federal judiciary during their terms of office, all would be reached.

"To augment the thirty-day furlough, the bill also provides that those whose services can not be dispensed with, if in the salary group between $1,000 and $10,000, shall take an 8.3 per cent. pay-cut. If the salary is $10,000, as in the case of a member of Congress, or higher, it will be 10 per cent. from $10,000 to $12,000; 12 per cent. from $12,000 to $15,000; 15 per cent. from $15,000 to $20,000, and 20 per cent. on salaries of $20,000 or more.

"The furlough plan finally adopted represents the major saving proposed in the bill, altho many other items of expense are affected, despite the elimination of a readjustment of various veterans' disability and pension allowances through which the Administration sought a saving of $48,000,000 a year.

"The bill also provides permanent salary reductions for members of the International Joint Commission, the Farm Board, and the Board of Mediation. It provides for reorganization of the Shipping Board and limitation on printing expenditures.

"The bill authorizes the President to set up consolidations in a number of governmental activities."

THE furlough, of course, is just a compulsory one month's vacation without pay. But it does not have to be taken all at once. In fact, no worker may be compelled to take more than five days off in any one calendar month. The one-month holiday is taken to mean twenty-four working days under the present system of half-days on Saturdays. If these twenty-four furlough days are scattered evenly through the year, it would be the practical equivalent of a five-day week. And, indeed, it all amounts to a simple five-day week for those working by the day. When President Hoover urged the plan he repeatedly emphasized the five-day-week feature. Indeed, according to the Washington *News*, "he held out the hope that the furlough plan would give the five-day week an entry into the government service, thus encouraging its general adoption in industry."

"Every Rose Has Its Thorn"
—Cassel in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

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How the "Nuisance" Taxes Work

"MAYBE YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW IS VISITING you.

"At any rate, let's suppose she is to-day, the first day of the new Federal taxes passed to balance the budget."

If that sounds like double jeopardy to those who have a weakness for mother-in-law jokes, let us hasten to explain that we are quoting the Newark *Evening News's* graphic explanation of how the new taxes work. They are, we read, the heaviest peace-time levies in our history—

"Let's suppose your mother-in-law decided to telephone her husband in Binghamton, New York, but learned from the maid he was out. Then let's suppose she sent him a telegram at his office instead.

"After this your wife took her mother out for a ride in the car and found the gas low. So she had Joe, down at the filling station, put in ten gallons of gas and a quart of oil. Joe cashed a check for your wife because you forgot to leave her any money.

"Then your wife took her mother to the movies and they sat in a box because mother likes to hear the master of ceremonies clearly. On the way home Mrs. You bought a new compact and that tube of toothpaste you've been yelling about, and a half pound of chocolate creams, because mother has a sweet tooth.

Purchase	*Retail Price*	*Federal Tax*
Telephone call..	$0.75	$0.10
Telegram.....	.36	.02
Ten gallons gas.	1.72	.10
Quart oil.....	.25	.01
Bank check.....	...	.02
Movies (2 seats).	1.00	.10
Compact.....	1.00	.10
Toothpaste.....	.40	.02
Candy.....	.50	.01
Totals.....	$5.98	$0.48

Arousing a New Interest in Government

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

"So your wife who would have spent $5.98 yesterday, spent $6.46 to-day. Don't start to bawl her out yet—remember this is all imaginary.

"In fact, she probably would not have paid all those taxes to-day, because some of them are not yet effective. Stores that are stocked up with taxable goods will probably not pass the tax on here until their goods turn over and they buy commodities again. All excise taxes are collected by the manufacturer so they will not be passed on until stores begin to sell goods bought wholesale to-day or later."

UNDER these levies, we read, approximately $148,500,000 will be collected as part of the $1,118,500,000 new revenue needed to help offset the $3,000,000,000 deficit.

After pointing out that the first day (June 21) found the tax affecting gasoline, oil, automobiles, electricity, telephone calls over fifty cents, telegrams, theater admissions over forty cents, bank checks and safe deposit boxes, *The Evening News* adds that—

"Other taxes will follow, in general within a week to six weeks, depending on the time it takes store stocks to turn over, on these classifications:

"Malt, wort, grape concentrates, toilet preparations, furs, jewelry over $3, automobile parts and accessories, tires, tubes, radios, phonographs, mechanical refrigerators, sporting goods, cameras, firearms, shells, matches, candy, chewing-gum, soft drinks."

The three-cent letter rate went into effect on July 6.

And so we now are carrying what the Tampa *Morning Tribune* calls "the most stupendous impost of excise taxation ever legislated upon a free country in time of peace."

Well, "grin and bear it," advises the Hartford *Times*, and the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun* adds that—

"Every person should buy in the normal way, and help to balance the budget. This revenue bill is intended for only one year. If it fails it may be continued for a number of years."

BUT "whenever you dig into your pocket or your purse for the extra tax," says the Springfield *Union*, striking a common editorial note, "remember that the public servants whom you help to elect to office have been responsible for extravagant legislation which has foisted upon the taxpayers this burden."

"There is need for economy in all governments, Federal, State, and local," asserts the Chicago *Daily News*, "but tax-eaters, spoils politicians, and bureaucrats will do their best to prevent it. If economy is to be brought about, the taxpayers must organize and fight for it."

The Depression and Suicide

NOT LESS THAN 20,000 persons, it is estimated, committed suicide in the United States last year.

This marks a peak in our suicide rate surpassed only twice, and then also in depression years.

The figures, compiled by Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, the well-known authority on such matters, are published in *The Spectator*, an insurance weekly. The estimate for the country as a whole is based on the records of a hundred cities with a total population of more than thirty-two millions. For the last thirty years the average rate of suicide in these cities has been about 17.8 per 100,000 population. In 1931 it rose to 20.5. The figure went higher than this, we are told, only in the panic year 1908, when it touched 21.5, and in the war depression of 1915, when it stood at 20.8.

The actual number of suicides listed in Dr. Hoffman's hundred cities last year is 6,725. "Making allowances for a lower rate in the rural sections," he writes, "it is a safe assumption that for the nation at large the actual loss of life by suicide in 1931 was not less than 20,000." The life-insurance companies, he reports, "are becoming alarmed at the losses sustained through voluntary self-destruction." To illustrate this economic aspect of the problem he cites the amounts paid in claims by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company on its industrial business in 1921 and 1931: "In 1921 the company paid $880,871 in claims on account of suicide, while during 1931 these payments amounted to $6,494,254. In 1921 suicide claims formed 1.9 per cent. of the total claims, while during 1931 this proportion was increased to 4.4 per cent."

Arguing that "every suicide is a potential murder, in that it is chiefly the suggestion of self-inflicted death that drives countless thousands to their doom," Dr. Hoffman goes on to say:

"There is the most urgent need for the organization of a national society for the study and prevention of suicide.

"Without such an effort it is a foregone conclusion that our suicide rate will continue to increase until it reaches Continental European proportions."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

DISARMAMENT is for the disarmed.—*Hamburger Nachrichten.*

WONDER if a mosquito thinks that the slaps that miss him are encores?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ANOTHER one that has to stand a lot more hard knocks is the golf-ball.—*Los Angeles Times.*

THE Government is not only living beyond its income, but also beyond ours.—*Tampa Tribune.*

THEN there is the theory that that Prohibition plank is neither wet nor dry, but just sappy.—*Wichita Eagle.*

FOR that matter it is continued interest that gives value to the bonds of matrimony.—*Los Angeles Times.*

A WOMAN has written her first novel at the age of eighty. What a splendid example to other novelists!—*The Humorist (London).*

DIFFICULTIES of the Pullman Company in popularizing the uppers is another problem of berth control.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

WE are victims of a machine-age, and the worst of them all is the political machine.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

WHAT becomes of those foreign markets that all countries have lost and nobody has found?—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

THE only time a pedestrian ever has the right of way is when he is en route to the hospital in an ambulance.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

CONGRESS finds it hard to realize that the taxpayers are no longer able to support the Government in the style to which it has been accustomed.—*Judge.*

IN Chicago they are tearing down buildings so as to save taxes. Perhaps if they would tear down taxes it might start building.—*American Lumberman.*

THE Chicago World's Fair will show the progress of civilization for the past fifty years, we are told. That will take us from the old-fashioned six-shooter right up to the modern machine-guns.—*Judge.*

Moral: Abolish War

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

RELIGION should gain ground in this country now that Americans haven't as many dollars to worship.—*The Thos. E. Pickerill Syndicate.*

BUSINESS is on trial, remarks Dr. Julius Klein. Hope the judge will be lenient and put it on probation, so that it can get a new start.—*Boston Herald.*

THREAT of salary reduction seemed ill timed when statesmen were expected to run Congress and two conventions in the same summer.—*Washington Evening Star.*

"THE average Congressman is very fond of duck-hunting," says a sporting publication. And it would be hard to find a better ducker than the average Congressman.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

THE chief reason Congress as a whole has experienced so much difficulty in balancing the budget was because so many individual members playing politics had a lot of hot potatoes they had to keep bouncing from one hand to the other.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"IT was free food, free wine, and free shows that destroyed the Roman people," declared Senator Gore in the Senate. Then, Senator, if you look the country over you will be overjoyed to find that we are not in the slightest danger of being destroyed. Darn the luck.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE camel will have to get quite a hump on.—*Springfield Union.*

THERE'S plenty of room at the top—in the stock markets.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE Government seems to think there's a taxpayer born every minute.—*Thomaston Times.*

WHETHER the country sticks to gold depends on whether the gold sticks to it.—*Los Angeles Times.*

MAYBE the depression will make a good landing place for a political landslide.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WOULDN'T it be tough on Kentucky if all those colonels should demand a bonus.—*Springfield Union.*

JAPAN evidently thinks that our copyright on the Monroe Doctrine idea has run out.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

WHAT the Democrats want is a plan that will cure unemployment, but not until right after the election.—*San Diego Union.*

IT has come to pass that a man stays on the job while his business goes on a vacation.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

DICTATOR STALIN is not unappreciative of loyal service to the Soviet, having raised his own salary.—*Weston Leader.*

A TRUTHFUL woman is one who doesn't lie about anything except her age, her weight, and her husband's salary.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

KING GEORGE has sold one of his farms to cut expenses. A lot of American farmers would like to know how he found a buyer.—*Miami News.*

THE G. O. P. Prohibition plank seems absolutely satisfactory except for the fact that it is too wet for the drys and too dry for the wets.—*Nashville Banner.*

"FAMILY life in America is no more," says Paul Morand. "The only permanent addresses are those of banks." Very nice to say those kind words for the banks.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

BRAZIL is sending 300,000 bags of coffee to Japan as free samples. If it is true that Tokyo's militarists are sitting up nights, the favor is beautifully timed.—*Detroit News.*

CONTRARY to the general opinion, says a traffic expert, automobile accidents happen more frequently when the roads are dry. Yes, and when the drivers aren't.—*Boston Herald.*

DR. MAYO says the human body is worth sixty-seven cents. How does he explain a doctor's bill for $500 worth of repairs on a sixty-seven-cent machine?—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

SCIENTISTS had thought that the atom would release practically unlimited energy when split, but it turns out that it wasn't what it was cracked up to be.—*Thomaston Times.*

A LOT of boys, who made good in the big city, came back and paid off the mortgage on the old homestead, are back again. They are trying to persuade the old folks to get another mortgage.—*Judge.*

CONGRESS finds that economy measures are even harder to pass than tax bills. Like so many other persons of advancing years, Uncle Sam has trouble keeping down the waste-line.—*The New Yorker.*

LADY ASTOR says Americans do not understand Europeans. Evidently they don't or Europe would have never been successful in borrowing so much money over here.—*Greensboro Herald-Journal.*

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"Hands Off!" Japan Warns the World

"HANDS OFF IN ASIA!"

Such, in effect, is Japan's warning to the United States, as voiced by Viscount Kikujiro Ishii, Privy Councilor and former Ambassador to Washington, at a dinner of welcome given in Tokyo to American Ambassador Joseph C. Grew.

Viscount Ishii's remarks were applauded by an audience of statesmen and diplomats, which included Japan's Premier, Viscount Admiral Makato Saito; Admiral Takarabe, former Minister of the Navy; Kenkichi Yoshizawa, former Foreign Minister, and Prince Tokugawa, president of the House of Peers.

They are accepted by correspondents and editors as typical of official thought in Japan, and the expression of the so-called "Monroe Doctrine for Asia," for which certain Japanese publicists have long been crying.

The hand of steel in the velvet glove is discerned in Viscount Ishii's veiled reference to American exclusion of Japanese immigrants. As cabled to the New York *Herald Tribune*, the gist of his warning was concentrated in these words:

"If the United States ever attempted to dominate the Asiatic continent and to prevent Japan from pacific and natural expansion in this part of the world, then, indeed, a grave situation would be created, for it is obvious that a nation with a population overcrowded to the breaking-point can not be shut up indefinitely in a narrow strip of land.

"But I am convinced that what the United States cares more about in the Far East is the maintenance of peace and of the treaties concluded for that purpose.

"Our policy is well known to the world, consisting of the maintenance of the open door and equal opportunity in China, and the absence of any territorial ambition in any country."

VISCOUNT ISHII quoted President Roosevelt as having said:

"The expansion of the Japanese in those quarters (Korea and Manchuria) should rather be welcomed by the United States, since it would so much diminish on the Pacific coast the current of Japanese immigration, which circumstances compel us to refuse."

Very Polite, But Sticks to His Gains!

—"The Bulletin" (Glasgow).

As Japanese Ambassador in Washington in 1917, the press recalls, the Viscount was instrumental in formulating the Lansing-Ishii agreement, which recognized to a certain degree Japan's special privileges on the Asiatic mainland.

That agreement, it is recalled, was superseded by the Nine-Power Treaty of the Washington Conference, which emphasized the "open-door" policy, and pledged its signatories to refrain from "any general superiority of rights with respect to commercial or economic development in any designated region of China."

Keystone photograph

Japan's "Monroe"

Viscount Kikujiro Ishii voices Nippon's policy for Asia.

While a certain portion of the American press protests against the new "Ishii policy," as being exclusive, declaring it bears no resemblance to our own Monroe Doctrine, THE LITERARY DIGEST'S special cable poll of editorial opinion in the Far East reveals a substantial section of Nippon's newspapers approving Ishii's statement of Japanese policy. Thus, we find the Tokyo *Jiji Shimpo*, independent, conservative, and exercising a wide-spread influence in business and political circles, commending Viscount Ishii's enunciation of a "firm foreign policy," for which the Japanese press now clamors:

"As emphasized by Viscount Ishii, Japan does not intend to start serious trouble regarding the affairs on the other side of the Pacific. That has been proved by our past deeds, notably regarding the immigration question.

"Japan considers the Americans' exclusion an unjustifiable restriction of the heaven-given human privilege of free communication and a bold racial discrimination against the principle of international intercourse as an intolerable affront to national pride and prestige. Yet the Japanese practised forbearance because her established policy was and is not to proceed too far in affairs across the Pacific. Japan always considers America a trustworthy friend. . . .

"If America attempted to check Japan's natural peaceful expansion in the Far East, a conflict between the two Powers would be inevitable, because Japan could not be expected to tolerate anything threatening her national existence.

"The American Far East policy is based on the maintenance of territorial integrity and the open door in China. Japan's policy is likewise. Hence the fundamental policies of the two Powers concur. A conflict could occur only if Washington misunderstands the actual state of affairs and Japan's real intentions.

"We are convinced that if America comes to comprehend the real nature of Japanese peaceful development in the Orient, always appreciating what actually exists, there never will be found any solid ground to anticipate unpleasantness."

Likewise the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, independent, popular with the middle classes, and published by the owners of the

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famous Osaka *Mainichi Shimbun*, declares that Japan stands behind her spokesman:

"Viscount Ishii's address was a bold expression of real Japanese sentiments.

"American intervention in Manchuria, as long as there is an absence of territorial ambitions on the part of Japan, obviously ought to be just as impossible as Japanese interference in matters of the Western hemisphere."

MEANWHILE the press of China fulminates against what it considers the pushing, unmasked imperialism of the military caste of Japan. These papers fear the ultimate aim of Japan is the dismemberment of China and the completion of Nipponese domination of Asia. Even the restrained and conservative *China Press* of Shanghai, affiliated with the Kuomintang, points out:

"The possibility of war with America has been freely discust in Japanese circles in months past.

"While we have no desire to be unduly alarmist, we are inclined to believe that, however good his intention, Viscount Ishii has done no real service for the cause of world peace.

"The cynical might suppose that that was not the object he had in view."

The Shanghai evening *Post-Mercury*, American-owned, thus expresses occidental opinion in China:

"Economic penetration is distinctly different from military penetration in theory, but in practise the two have been one and the same.

"Japan's policy of an Asia for Japanese is entirely understandable from a Japanese standpoint; but so is China's hope of a China for Chinese, with equal opportunity for all countries."

Villains of the Disarmament Drama

STOP FIRST the private manufacture of arms, declares Lord Cecil at a meeting in Queen's Hall, London, and then—and only then—will world disarmament become possible.

The Disarmament Conference at Geneva stands on the brink of failure, asserts London's *New Statesman and Nation*, taking Lord Cecil's statement as its text, chiefly because of the activities of the "armament rings."

One of the first prerequisites toward disarmament, proclaims this organ of radical British opinion, "would be to publish the facts about the relations between each national Government and the armament rings." The London weekly goes on:

"Governments foster the private manufacture of arms because it is only by permitting private firms to export where they like in times of peace that munitions factories can be kept up to the capacity which is required in time of war.

"As an incidental result of this policy, the Boers in South Africa and the Turks in the Dardanelles shot British soldiers with guns supplied by British manufacturers, and to-day both China and Japan are being armed simultaneously by the very countries which are assembled at Geneva to end their dispute.

"More than one member of the present British Cabinet appears on the 1931 list of the Armstrong-Vickers' shareholders."

Present activities of "armament rings" in Europe are denounced by *The New Statesman and Nation*. In a leading article, which it entitles "The Secret Assassins," this London weekly presents as "tangible evidence" the report that one great French munition firm controls arms plants in Czecho-Slovakia, has ramifications in Roumania, Jugo-Slavia, and Poland, and thus profits not only by the armaments of France, but also by the French loans to lesser allies.

A common condition of such loans, insists the English editor, is that a part of them should be spent in France, "which in practise means on orders to French armament firms." Violent press campaigns against the whole Disarmament Conference, we read on, were instigated by two prominent Paris dailies which, it is claimed, are controlled by an organization representing leading French steel and armament firms.

The New Statesman and Nation concludes its exposure of "the secret assassins" of the Disarmament Conference:

"Perhaps enough has been said to show that disarmament conferences have so far failed to tackle their most essential problem.

"Discussions at Geneva about the output of armament firms have so far been merely laughable.

"In speaking of the power of these firms, Mr. H. G. Wells remarks that the science of warfare is now 'a very active occupation. It is a sort of ugly and dwarfish twin sister of scientific research. The difference is that she tries to be secretive, and her ends are murderous.'

"If governments continue to permit the existence of this murderous international organization and to ally themselves with it, how dare they expect any one to believe in their profest enthusiasm for disarmament? The first objective in any genuine campaign for disarmament would be the public ownership of all munitions of war."

China's "Mosquito" Newspapers

AS IRRITATING as a swarm of mosquitoes in summertime!

Such is the tabloid press of China. Because of the malicious, impish, stinging character of the news they print, these newspapers—so *The People's Tribune* (Shanghai) tells us—are known as the "mosquito" press.

The inevitable outgrowth of the crushing censorship formerly placed on legitimate journals, the "mosquito" press, with small running capital and fly-by-night tactics, mostly emanates from the foreign-controlled areas of Shanghai, where the censorship can not be effectively applied.

At present, the writer in *The People's Tribune* estimates, no less than thirty "mosquito" newspapers are published in Shanghai:

"They are divided into dailies, two-day, and three-day publications.

"Since they can not afford to subscribe to the regular news services and to engage correspondents in other cities, they have found it profitable to establish indirect connections with the bigger papers which allow them to make use of the news left over by the censorship. Hence their great popularity in spite of their frequent disregard of all standards of truth and propriety.

"The local militarists were free to employ any method in dealing with the newspapers within their respective provinces or districts.

"Sometime last summer, certain high officials of the Hupeh Provincial Government played a game of mah jong in a fashionable hotel in Hankow. The stakes, the story alleges, ran so high that a certain gentleman lost several hundred thousand dollars.

"One of the 'mosquito' papers in Hankow then made a display of the story, evidently with malicious purpose. This at once angered the local satrap, who ordered the arrest of the editor of the paper. But that editor had fled.

"So an order was issued to the effect that each newspaper or news agency should deposit a sum of at least $2,000 with the authorities as a bond guaranteeing their good conduct.

"As a consequence of this measure, about forty newspapers, mostly tabloids, and seventy news agencies were forced to close down, leaving only two party papers, four private papers, and three news agencies surviving.

"In January, 1931, the Yu Chung News Agency of Chungking issued in its daily service a piece of news depicting the extravagance of the funeral of the father of a certain General Fan, who was then the garrison commander of the Szechuen-Hupeh border. The latter took an exception of the story.

"Without resorting to proper legal proceedings, and in the conventional and most convenient way, General Fan thus sent a handful of soldiers and had the editor arrested.

"The editor, by the name of Liu Shu-tan, who had joined the agency only three days before, was immediately beheaded."

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Siam's Pink-Tea Revolt

A BREACH OF ETIQUETTE in Bangkok, cables a correspondent of the Associated Press, is the mere mention of the word revolution.

Never in the long annals of history, the correspondents tell us, has there been a "revolution" more benign, more benevolent, more bloodless, than Siam's.

Siam's transition from absolute monarchy to constitutional government is effected over a June week-end—"by and for the people with the King's consent"—insist leaders of the People's party.

On Friday, June 17, King Prajadhipok—who happens to be away for a holiday—is deposed by a bloodless seizure of the celebrated Royal palace. He returns to Bangkok, announce the cable dispatches; and on Tuesday, June 21, affixes his royal signature to the new Constitution demanded by the People's party.

Inhabitants of Bangkok were taken completely by surprize, according to an Associated Press dispatch, when uniformed lines of Siam's Army and Navy poured into the city, marched on the royal palace and took over control, their leaders announcing that they intended to deliver Siam from the government of the Princes. Politely they imprisoned the Prince of Nagara Svarga, regent of the Supreme Council, which is composed of the heads of the various departments of State. All of them are princes.

The Siamese comprise no middle class as the Western world understands it, we read in the Montreal *Gazette*. "They are either princes or agriculturists."

Copyright International Photograph

Still His Majesty

King Prajadhipok graciously renounces absolutism.

The new Constitution, according to the Associated Press correspondent, seeks to eliminate entirely the Supreme Council ruled over by the powerful Prince of Nagara Svarga, known for his antiforeign and antidemocratic sentiments.

A CABLE poll of the Far Eastern press, undertaken by THE LITERARY DIGEST, indicates no opposition to Siam's quiet, yet withal swift and determined step, toward constitutional government.

Expressing official Kuomintang opinion, the Shanghai *China Press* hails Siam's advance into modernity:

"The Government of Siam was an anachronism in this modern world.

"Now it has become a constitutional monarchy and the former autocrat with commendable wisdom has gracefully acquiesced.

"China's chief interest lies in the possibility that diplomatic relations now may be established. China and Siam have much in common, and the establishment of official friendly relations would be mutually beneficial, and probably would lead to modification of such Siamese legislation as has been distasteful to China."

The American-owned Shanghai *Evening Post* anticipates beneficial results by the deposals of the Siamese princes from political dictatorship:

"It seems that the Siamese are following their usual course of moderation in this change.

"The process of modernizing their formerly backward land has comprised a very real revolution already.

"With luck the developments of the present movement may yet be thoroughly beneficial, freshening the democratizing process long overdue in a country which has developed beyond the absolute monarchy concept."

THE Tokyo *Asahi Shimbun*, independent and liberal, seeks to probe behind the scenes of Siam's bloodless revolution:

"The chief cause of the Siamese revolution was popular discontent against the ruling clique of Princes.

"But another cause was the people's dissatisfaction over the conduct of foreign advisers, including many British.

"It is believed that these advisers, especially the British, did their utmost to perpetuate a system giving them excessive influence in State affairs.

"Thus the revolt may be regarded as a nationalistic movement of the self-awakening Siamese people not wanting to obstruct democratic development.

"King Prajadhipok is well known to the Japanese people, who hope that he will recognize the trend of the times making possible a bright future for his country."

The somewhat sensational *Yomiuri Shimbun* believes that the entire Far East will soon share in the benefits of the new régime:

"The revolutionists centered themselves with the Army and brought about constitutionalism suddenly. A happy feature of the turnover is that there was no bloodshed, and the benefits will not be confined to the Siamese alone."

WITH the exception of a few petty princes endowed with absolute power, reports the United Press, the restriction of the King of Siam's powers now leaves Haile Selassie, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Elect of God, Emperor of Ethiopia as the world's only absolute monarch ruling over a territory of any consequence.

Accompanied by the charming Queen Rambaibarni, King Prajadhipok visited this country last year. An operation upon his eyes was successfully performed at Ophir Hall, the estate of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid in Westchester County, New York.

Educated in England, Siam's dapper ruler, who will be thirty-nine years old this November, has long been known for his progressive ideas.

The Toronto *Globe* adds these arresting details:

"An interesting story in connection with the uprising is to the effect that in Siam there is an old legend claiming that at the end of 150 years the present dynasty would reach its end.

"In April of this year the royal house of Chakri observed with great pomp and splendor the sesquicentennial of this ancient line; and, thus, the old superstition flamed up anew.

"It is believed that the people concluded that the prophecy must be fulfilled, and that this feeling made easier the work of the insurgent leaders. Stranger things have happened in the mystic East.

"The Siamese are orthodox Buddhists, and the King has been recognized as the protector of that faith. Siam is the particular home of the white elephant, about which there are countless sacred legends. The people seem to have decided that in an absolute monarchy they had another white elephant on their hands.

"The reorganization of this strange country will be watched with interest by the rest of a world more or less in transition from the old to the new forms of government."

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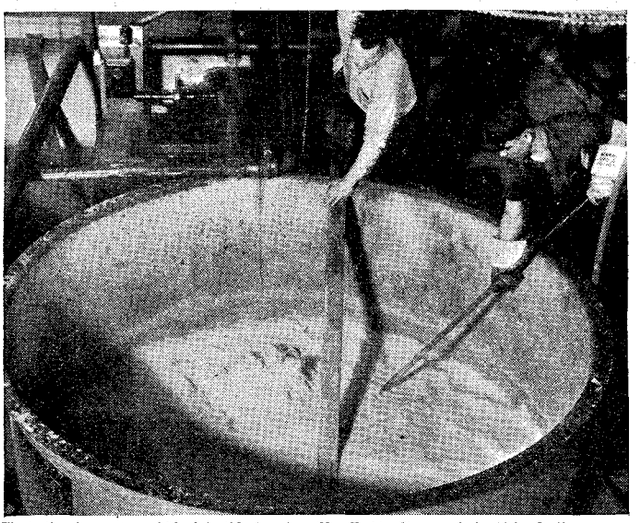
A Rubber Substitute

WE NEED HOME-GROWN RUBBER "or something just as good."

Experimenters have been working in three different directions—rubber from native plants, synthetic rubber, a chemical product, and some substance that will have the properties of rubber or even more satisfactory ones.

According to F. D. McHugh, who writes in *The Scientific American* (New York), the third method holds out the greatest prospect of success, and he describes a substitute that he says is coming rapidly into use. We read:



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York). Photographs by Aiklee Studio

Many Baths in the Big Bathtub

The chemicals composing the new rubber substitute are mixed in a large vat and washed with many changes of water until all foreign matter is removed.

"If you happen to own one of a certain line of cars, and have had occasion to examine the gasoline feed line to the carbureter, you have probably been nonplused, for that feed line is apparently of rubber! The reason for utilizing the tough resiliency of rubber at this point is obvious. But rubber swells and loses its resiliency under the action of gasoline, and this feed line has done neither."

IF you investigated further, you learned that this feed line is not rubber, says Mr. McHugh; it is composed of a substitute for rubber, a product of the chemical laboratory called Thiokol. It has unusual resistance to absorption of any liquid, and a practically perfect resistance to the deteriorating effect of gases, oils, and acids; and it is weather-proof, sun-proof, and apparently age-proof. He proceeds:

"Industry has for many years felt the need for a 'synthetic rubber' or a superior rubber substitute, and many scientists have worked diligently to develop such a laboratory product.

"The United States uses more natural rubber than all the rest of the world combined. This rubber must be imported from plantations under the flags of other nations. Because of this fact and because, in the event we should be drawn into a war, our supply of rubber would be vital, attempts have been made to provide the country with a home supply of both natural and so-called synthetic rubber.

"Edison experimented for years in the attempt to obtain natural rubber from the goldenrod, and succeeded to some extent before his death. In our Southwest, the guayule plant has for years supplied a small quantity of rubber, and more intensive cultivation has shown that this can be appreciably increased."

Industry desires, however, according to Mr. McHugh, not so much a home source of natural rubber as a synthetic variety or a substitute that will have the attributes of hevea rubber, and yet be superior to it in respect to corrosion, oxidation, and the like.

Of the few partially successful attempts to satisfy this demand, Thiokol is the one that he prefers. He goes on:

"Thiokol is produced and delivered to rubber goods manufacturers in the crude form, to be processed by them. In this form it is a yellow gum, and is sold by the pound or the ton. The 'curing' and processing involve practically no change in the equipment now used with ordinary rubber.

"Crude Thiokol can be made from the ingredients in a few hours if necessary. All the ingredients are common, and are of domestic manufacture.

"Polysulfid is made in a vat by mixing caustic soda and sulfur. After this, the polysulfid is run into another mixing vat, and ethylene dichlorid is added.

"The resultant fluid is then drawn into a third vat and allowed to stand until a yellow powder settles to the bottom. The surface liquid is then siphoned off and more water is added. This process is repeated until all the impurities have been removed. Commercial hydrochloric acid is added until the solution coagulates into a yellow gum, which is then rolled until all the water has been squeezed out. The Thiokol is then ready to ship.

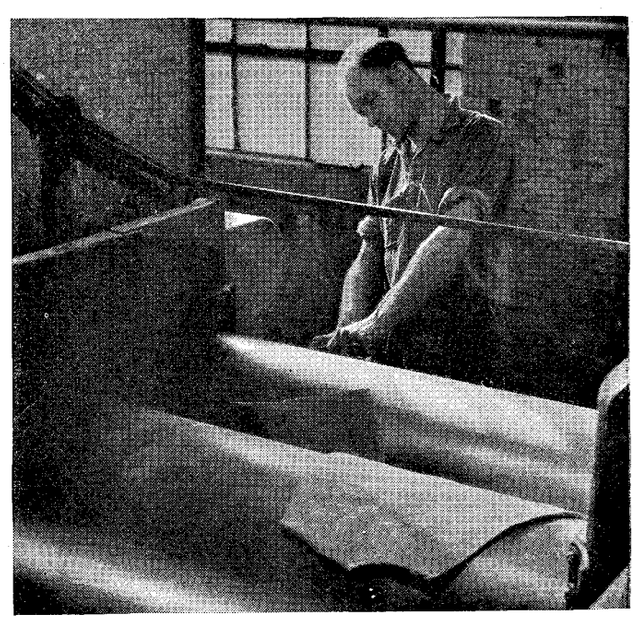
"There is at present one limitation to the use of Thiokol. It has a characteristic, somewhat unpleasant odor which makes it at present impractical for use in many of the intimate things of daily home life.

"Rubber has been made having a maximum tensile strength of 4,500 pounds. Thiokol's maximum strength at present is about 1,300 pounds.

"However, when rubber is soaked in gasoline, oil, or similar substances for a day or two, its tensile strength drops to less than 500 pounds, while under the same or even more extreme conditions of soaking, Thiokol is unaffected.

"Rubber also soaks up such liquids, and swells, so that serious manufacturing problems are created especially where oils and chemicals are used.

"Thiokol, furthermore, will adhere to practically anything, and therefore it solves a problem that has prevented the use of rubber in many cases where manufacturers would like to take advantage of its unique qualities, but can not."



Then the Big Wringer

After the final washing, the Thiokol is run through heated rolls to remove surplus water.

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A Defense of the Machine

THE MACHINE NEVER HAS BEEN, and is not now, responsible for unemployment.

For every man it displaces, it gives employment to more than one.

Tho it is not without its faults, it is much more a blessing than a curse.

So argues Dr. James S. Thomas, of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, in an article contributed to *The Electrical World* (New York). We read:

"Harsh impreachments are being brought against the machine. There are some features about the machine age none too pleasant to contemplate.

"But it does have defenses. In the first place, it is a common fallacy that we have the only 'industrial civilization' which has ever existed. On the contrary, all civilizations have been industrial. The quality and life of the culture has depended upon the success of the commercial and industrial period and its duration. Business has been the forerunner of every great civilization."

The facts are, says Mr. Thomas, that the machine is the most humane thing yet contrived by man. He argues:

"Human slavery has persisted longest in those civilizations where the agrarian life was predominant. Time was when sixteen hours was a legal day's work. The machine has made this inhumane.

"Oscar Wilde says: 'Civilization requires slaves. . . . Human slavery is wrong, insecure and demoralizing. On mechanical slavery, on the slavery of the machine, the future of the world depends.' Here is a poet with a sociological background. Here is real intelligence!

"It took 70 per cent. of the population as human slaves to produce the Golden Age of Athenian culture, whereas only about 4½ per cent. of our population work at the machine.

"As a matter of fact, machine tenders are decreasing. In 1928 there were 1,250,000 fewer men in factories than in 1923, and 1928 was one of our busiest recent years. During the same period we added more than 2,000,000 men and women to new trades and enterprises which the higher development of the machine has made possible.

"To-day, in the 'machine-made' world, there are fewer accidents to the man who works than ever before. One thread factory in this country went 10,000,000 man-hours without a lost-time accident."

"THE machine throws men out of work," it is said. Mr. Thomas replies:

"The best answer is that this is exactly the glory of the machine—it does the work of men, and thus releases them for more interesting pursuits. But that the machine 'throws men out of work' does not happen to be true.

"Turning to England for a moment, we find that in 1855 one man could spin as much as 700 could spin in 1769. Arkwright invented the first spinning-machine in 1855. According to the argument of the man in the street, this is throwing 699 men out of work.

"But this does not tell all the story. While the population was doubling the cotton workers were trebling. This does not look as tho the improved machine had been causing unemployment.

"In England the fourteen 'engineering trades' show the same thing. The number of persons employed increased while the machines were being improved all the time.

"The truth is that most of our apprehensions about the machine putting large numbers of people out of work are based on the false assumption that demand for goods will become stationary. Quite the reverse is true. Thirty years from now huge fortunes will be made out of patents not yet known in the patent offices of the world.

"As the machine grows more efficient, hours of labor grow less, goods get cheaper and better, and the only limitless things in the world, human wants, expand to demand sufficient additional goods to keep everybody at work, provided we behave as we should.

"The truth about the machine is that its advantages far outweigh its disadvantages."

A Lazy Child Is an Unnatural Child

A LAZY CHILD IS AN UNNATURAL CHILD.

And if the laziness is accompanied by undue "naughtiness" and disobedience, a medical examination is called for, says Dr. Gilbert Robin, writing in the science column of *L'Intransigeant* (Paris).

Laziness and chorea, usually called "St. Vitus's dance," are often closely connected, he says.

He gives a typical example:

"Paul, a boy of ten, is irascible, disobedient, insupportable, taciturn, cries for no reason at all, must be in continual motion, and is extremely jerky in his movements.

"'It seems as if he breaks things on purpose,' says his mother.

"He has become lazy, pays attention to nothing. He was a good student only a few months since.

"Observing the child, we note fugitive grimaces; he 'makes mouths' with his lips, and can not keep his tongue still. He frowns at intervals.

"I place Paul in a position of defense; he can not keep it. His fingers separate, his hands twist about, his arms twitch. His legs change position.

"This is a variety of chorea, usually known as 'St. Vitus's Dance,' but of weakened type, manifesting itself mainly by capricious humor, anger, and inattention. It would appear that this psycho-motor instability has been coming on little by little, without fever.

"By diligent inquiry, we ascertain that the child had, a year and a half ago, a typical case of what is called Sydenham's chorea. Auscultation reveals a systolic murmur at the tip of the heart. I ask more questions. The child has had 'a sort of grippe.' He had pains in his legs. It seemed like an attack of rheumatism.

"What is the matter, then, is a return of the chorea in a weakened form. Such things are by no means rare. Instead of scolding the child for his laziness, his disobedience and his turbulence, it would be better to prescribe complete rest, preferably in the country, and to vary the medical treatment—arsenic, antipyrin, tonics. Cure will come by waiting, especially as examination shows no serious symptom of nervous disorder.

"This example shows the utility of a medical—and especially a neurological—examination, in cases which appear to parents simply like laziness and 'naughtiness.'"

Every Man a Bootlegger

WE are all living producers of alcohol—not in great quantity, to be sure, but the purest alcohol, none the less.

Alcohol, in fact, is "normally associated with man's vital activities," say the German physiologists, who announce that they have proved this fact. To quote from *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago):

"Recent evidence bearing on this point has been furnished by Gettler and his coworkers, who succeeded in isolating pure ethyl alcohol from human and animal tissues. The aqueous suspension of ground tissue or of blood was distilled with steam, and the alcohol together with organic acids, bases, and other volatile compounds was collected in the distillate.

"The recovery of the alcohol from the highly diluted solution thus obtained required the construction of special distillation flasks, condensers and rectifier, the use of which resulted after 'a single distillation of a few drops of very high-proof alcohol.' This was dried, redistilled, and finally fractionated, the contaminating compounds being removed during the procedure. The boiling point and percentage of carbon as well as the constants of two esters formed from the alcohol proved that the material was ethyl alcohol. Special care was taken to be sure that no alcohol had been used within two weeks of the time when the human tissues were taken.

"The quantity obtained from human brain was 0.0004 per cent., from human liver 0.0026 per cent., from human blood 0.004 per cent., and from the dog's brain, liver, and blood 0.003 per cent., 0.0007 per cent., and 0.0013 per cent., respectively. These studies illustrate again the possibility of securing unsuspected information when suitable methods become available. They also emphasize the intimate, normal association of alcohol with man's vital activities."

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The Radio on the Auto

HARD TIMES OR NO, the Nation's motorists are going in for automobile radio on a scale that forecasts a great popularity for this development, says William Ullman in a release of his feature service (Washington):

With approximately 250,000 cars already equipped with radio, the strains of dulcet melodies above the throb of idling engines as traffic waits for the red light to switch to green has ceased to be a novelty anywhere in the country.

Those whose cars are not so equipped just sit and listen to the soothing tones emitted from the window of the other fellow's car. He goes on:

"Motor-car radio definitely has cleared the obstacle of prohibitory legislation which threatened it when it first appeared three years ago. At that time, a number of motor-vehicle and traffic officials were inclined to regard it with dark forebodings.

"Radio in motor-cars struck them as another potential distraction of the attention of drivers. Some of the more aggressive officials threatened to urge laws absolutely forbidding the use of receivers in automobiles.

"Nothing came of the threats, however, as time proved that the radio set offered no particular hazard, but, on the contrary, served in some instances to minimize the chance of accidents. This has been true in the case of those who drive late at night. Salesmen and taxicab drivers are among the loudest defenders of automobile radio, on the ground that it provides an interest which counteracts the fatigue of long hours behind the wheel.

"It is not this particular fact, however, which has contributed most prominently to the popularity of receivers for automobiles.

"Two other achievements are to be credited with that.

"One of them is the technical progress made in the design of motor-car sets; the other, production advancements which have permitted a reduction in price to one-half that which prevailed when radio was beginning to make its first appearance in traffic.

"As to the technical improvement, the motor-car receiver today gives as efficient service as the home set—better than many located in apartments where elevators and other electrical equipment offer interference with reception.

"That motor-car manufacturers have fallen in with the idea of radio is indicated in the fact that virtually all cars above the popular price class—and some of those in it—come wired for the installation of a receiver. As to the others, the wiring is a very simple job and the set can be installed by a mechanic of average qualifications without the slightest difficulty.

"One of the latest developments that has increased the popularity of car receivers, according to dealers, is the development of B-battery eliminators, obviating the necessity for replacement of this set of batteries from time to time. Such improvements, they declare, are received with keen interest on the part of new car buyers, a constantly larger proportion of whom are asking about the possibilities of radio.

"It looks as if traffic would be much more musical as soon as the depression sings its swan song."

MOTOR-CYCLES, too, are now fitted with radio sets, we are told in another press account, and several police departments in Mid-west cities are using them.

Motion-Pictures in Relief

THE PROJECTION OF MOTION-PICTURES in relief, visible to a group of observers occupying a wide range of positions, but demanding no special spectacles or other apparatus at the eyes, has been experimentally realized in the Bell Laboratories, according to disclosures made before the National Academy of Sciences by H. E. Ives.

The plan, we are told in an article in *The Bell Laboratories Record* (New York), harks back to a toy in which a series of pictures are mounted on a revolving wheel. Altho the action lasts only a couple of seconds before it repeats, the spectator sees a true motion-picture which has all the depth and roundness of a stereoscope view. We are told:

"To understand his latest development, one must first recall that seeing anything stereoscopically means that one sees it with each eye from a different view-point.

"In the familiar parlor stereoscope, each eye sees a different photograph, the pair having been taken initially through cameras about three inches apart.

"If motion-pictures are taken in a similar manner, and viewed in such a way that each eye sees only the picture meant for it, there will be an illusion of depth in the picture. So far, the successful methods of doing this have involved the projection of the pictures alternately or in two complementary colors for the two eyes, and either a rotating shutter in front of each person or a pair of spectacles, colored red and green, to prevent the eyes seeing any but the appropriate picture. Dr. Ives's developments break away from using anything on or near the beholder; apparatus ends at the screen."

Illustration from the Bell Telephone Laboratories

The Projected Relief-Picture as Viewed From Three Directions

THIS screen, we are told, is made up of vertical celluloid rods, about a quarter-inch wide, and ground to cylindrical curvature at front and rear. By impressing successive elements of the picture, in the form of vertical lines, on the back of successive rods, the whole picture is built up for the observer. The writer goes on:

"The picture on each successive element of a rod is refracted in a slightly different direction, so that the two eyes of each observer will see different pictures as built up by two different series of picture elements.

"Since the spectators will probably be spread over a total angle of 60 degrees, the original picture has to be made from a series of view-points extending over an arc of 60 degrees around the object. It is desirable to make the pictures with apparatus employing a single photographic exposure.

"Dr. Ives had recourse to a concave mirror four feet in diameter. Light-rays from the object placed at the focus of the mirror would be reflected back to their origin, were it not for a mirror which reflects them off at right-angles. At the new focus a group of images of the object are formed, one for every possible view-point around the concave mirror. These images are superposed, but it is possible to disentangle them by interposing a glass screen of fine concave grooves. This breaks up each image into a series of lines spaced regularly across a photographic plate.

"If one eye of the observer could see but one family of strips, it would perceive the picture as viewed from one point on the concave mirror.

"This effect is achieved by making a lantern-slide from the plate and projecting it upon the back of the rod screen. It will now be understood why each eye of the ultimate beholder sees a different picture. Stereoscope vision is thus attained, and those who have seen Dr. Ives's laboratory set-up have reported that the effect of depth is well marked.

"To make a motion-picture, it is necessary to project successively varying pictures on the screen. Dr. Ives affixt his series

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of thirty-two transparencies to a rotating disk so that each plate could be separately orientated in the optical system.

"All in all, the size and delicacy of the apparatus emphasize Dr. Ives's caution as to the remoteness of commercial application, while the lifelike quality of the moving image is convincing evidence that another milestone has been passed in the development of motion-pictures in relief."

Sculpture by Stereoscope

ORDINARY photographs are converted into sculpture by a method designed through the ingenuity of Curt Beyerlen, says *La Nature* (Paris).

The device calls for a pair of stereoscopic views. Enlargements are made of two small negatives and these are introduced into a special apparatus called a stereoplastograph, where they are lighted from behind by means of two brilliant luminous cones. Says the writer:

"Examining them by means of the stereoscope in front of the apparatus one derives an impression of a striking effect in relief.

"Between the two brilliant foci of light is a vertical thread or wire with a guiding mark, the shadow of which is outlined clearly on the two enlargements. This guiding mark, altering its place with the thread or wire, permits a scrutiny or exploration of the image in relief in a horizontal direction.

"Passing across all points at a given height, it traces a corresponding contour or outline, and its motion is transmitted to a knife which cuts out the contour in a sheet of pasteboard.

"Thus are reconstituted, so to speak, the successive horizontal 'cuts' of the original with pasteboards of no great thickness placed one upon the other, yielding a sculptural 'negative' or mold, to be filled with plaster or plastic matter.

"From 200 to 250 pasteboards suffice for a life-size portrait. Besides yielding portraits in the true sense, this method lends itself to all sorts of other applications."

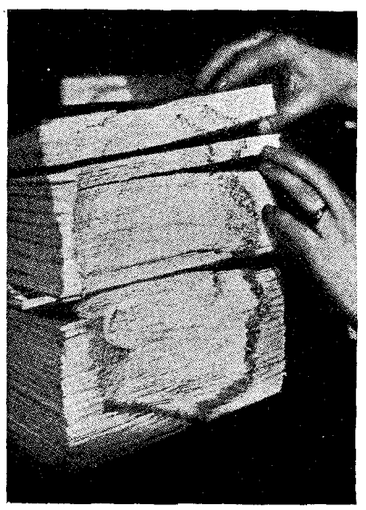
The Relief

Formed by cut-out cards.

An Amazing Downpour

THE heaviest twenty-four-hour rainfall ever measured occurred at Baguio, the "summer capital" of the Philippines, in July, 1911.

Only brief accounts of it have been published until this year, when a detailed story of the shower and its effects was issued by the Rev. Miguel Selga, director of the Philippine Weather Bureau, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature, *Why the Weather?* (Washington):

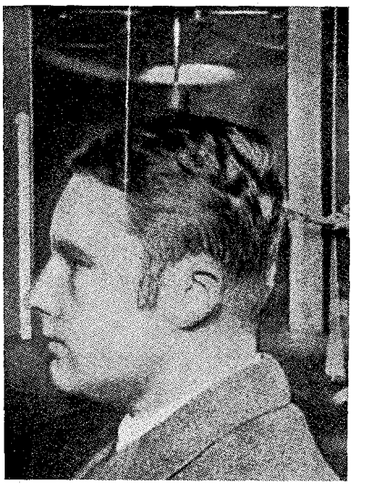


Making the Matrix

By layers of cardboard.

"This torrential downpour attended the passage of a typhoon. More than eighty-eight inches of rain fell during the four days, July 14-17, inclusive, the maximum fall in a twenty-four-hour period being forty-six inches from noon of the 14th to noon of the 15th. Two inches less than four feet of rain in twenty-four hours! This is more than falls in the whole of an average year at most places in the northeastern United States and Canada. It is nearly as much as normally falls in fourteen years at Yuma, Arizona, and more than the normal rainfall for a period of ninety years at Iquique, Peru, the driest known spot in the world.

"The figures above given for the Baguio rainfall were obtained from the automatic record of a tipping-bucket rain-gage. This instrument is supposed to register somewhat less than the true amount of rain during excessively fast showers; hence, the actual fall in this case was probably even greater than that recorded. Assuming the shower to have averaged forty-six inches in twenty-four hours over the whole town of Baguio, the town received during that period a total deluge of 57,000,000 tons of water. The floods resulting from these typhoon rains almost completely destroyed the costly Benguet Road, completed in 1909, and did a vast amount of other damage in and about the town of Baguio."



One of the Two Photographs

Note the vertical thread.

Beautifying the Radio Voice

WE are fairly well accustomed to retouched photographs, color changes for ladies' hair, "ghosted" books and magazine articles.

But there is a sense of shock in the idea that radio voices of political speakers can be beautified.

Granted that they need it, writes Watson Davis, managing editor of Science Service (Washington) in a triweekly feature article, what effect may this possibility have on coming political events? A former Federal radio commissioner, now editor of *Electronics*, Orestes H. Caldwell, lets the public in on the secrets of radio's voice beauty parlors in a broadcast. We read:

"Plug in the proper combination of electrical gadgets in connection with the microphone, says Mr. Caldwell, and almost any political speaker's voice may be given charm and persuasiveness.

"Vocal roughness can be ironed out and weak tones of pink-tea chatterers can be built up to oratorical heights.

"Sounds over the radio can be changed by placing in the broadcasting circuits devices that vary, permanently or at the discretion of the radio-control engineer, the frequency and volume. The electrical devices, compensators and filters, have been in common use in connection with commercial radio programs and in the making of talking motion-pictures. Whether they have been used as yet to build up the vocal personality of any of our prominent public men is a matter of conjecture. It is certain that the radio, even when not doctored, does change the speaking voice, sometimes for better and at other times for worse.

"Radio and other electrically transmitted sound devices are much kinder to high-voiced individuals than they are to deep-voiced 'he-men' speakers. They have placed on pinnacles of momentary fame singers and announcers who must carry with them amplifying devices in order to be heard by audiences of their 'personal appearances.'

"There is even the possibility of appeal to sectional feeling, for Mr. Caldwell suggests that appropriate compensators placed in branches of broadcasting networks would make the political candidate speak simultaneously with a shrill Yankee twang in New England, a Southern drawl in Dixie, and a breezy Western accent in the West."

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Russians Debunk "Hamlet"

"HAMLET" DEBUNKED FOLLOWS HARD upon "Uncle Tom's Cabin" devitalized on the Soviet stage.

We treated the latter atrocity last week.

To an observer for *The Daily Express* (London) "Hamlet," in its Soviet dress, is turned from a great tragedy into a riotous farce.

"Defenders of this version," we are told, "claim that it is a return to Shakespeare as the poet meant the piece to be played. They say the 'traditional' 'Hamlet' is a nineteenth-century product, filled with sickly sentiment in its interpretation."

Courtesy of the Old Print Shop

Methodist Camp-Meeting in 1830

"Plainly not all religion nor solemnity." Illustrating article on p. 17.

Thus we see the Russians snatching from the Germans the claim to set the English right on their own great bard.

The piece is produced by Nikolai Akimoff, star pupil of the late Vakhtangov, said to be "the most radical of Moscow's many radical directors."

Some of the variations that would astonish a Western observer are here noted:

"First shock to the spectator accustomed to traditional Shakespeare is the discovery that the ghost of *Hamlet's* father is no longer a real ghost, but a bit of trickery which *Hamlet* obviously stages to fool the sentinels, and line them up on his side in his coming bid for the crown. Bolsheviks do not believe in the supernatural.

"'To be or not to be' is no longer a philosophical soliloquy, but is taken in bits. *Hamlet* places a paper crown on his head before asking himself whether he is 'to be or not to be'—king.

"When *Polonius*, caught behind the arras in the queen's room, is stabbed by the mad *Hamlet*, he falls to the floor with a delayed plop, and then makes rather vulgar noises to show that his soul is departing.

"There is also an amazing scene with the king and queen lying in a big four-poster bed. The queen is weeping; the king can not sleep. Then comes the dialog which, in other versions, is taken surrounded by courtiers in a hall of the castle. The effect is of a bedroom farce.

"*Hamlet* himself is a stocky young man, vigorous, bent on getting the crown, not at all mad."

THE Russian *Ophelia*, says an irreverent American, Eugene Lyons, observer for the theatrical *Variety* (New York), is "not mad but plastered," and Mr. Lyons seems to like her:

"*Ophelia* is a much more attractive gal than Shakespearian scholars ever suspected. She's a pretty coquet who has set her cap for a prince, and she takes her liquor straight.

"Those ravings after the death of her clownish father which you all mistook for madness is nothing of the sort. She's merely gotten herself good and drunk. It is while drowning her sorrows in liquor that she gets drowned herself."

Hamlet for the first time does not put on sanctimonious airs, says Mr. Lyons, and adds:

"The Prince of Denmark, without straying too much from the authentic lines, was able to throw off that libel about being a weak-livered and dream-bound doubter.

"He appeared as an active, scheming, determined young man who knew what he wanted and went after it.

"Played with immense skill by A. I. Goryunov, he was a short, stocky, fast-moving prince who liked to drink, flirt, and plot.

"His madness was pure make-believe to fool the silly king; he took *Horatio* and other friends into his secret, too. And the ghost of his father was just *Hamlet* himself. He donned his old man's armor and a false beard, and in the mysterious moonlight passed as a ghost, thus winning the support of officers who otherwise might have wavered.

"The new Russian *Hamlet* gets his melancholy musings off his chest in a breezy style with none of the old histrionics. 'To be or not to be' is no melancholy discussion of suicide. It's just a matter-of-fact problem relating to the job on hand, namely, his hope of booting out the usurper and taking the crown himself. Moreover, it's not a soliloquy: *Horatio* is present and turns it into a dialog.

"The usurper is a vapid, foppish, and most unkingly man. *Polonius* is a wisecracking buffoon, anxious to marry his daughter into the royal family, and not above a trick or two to achieve his purpose."

ACCORDING to Mr. Lyons there are some doubting Thomases among the Russians:

"Already the production has raised a cyclone of argument.

"Is it Shakespeare or isn't it, and what does it matter anyhow?

"The producers and most of the critics insist that they are merely restoring the bard to his original and essential self.

"Their brief runs something like this: Generations of actors and scholars have loaded *Hamlet* with all sorts of extraneous garments. They clothed it in the pessimism and aimless philosophizing of their own culture, that is to say capitalist culture.

"From a vigorous, mischievous melodrama they made a heavy, slow-moving moral tract. Now comes the young and fresh Soviet culture and tears off those layers of tradition. It's not a revision, say the Muscovites, but a restoration. The slapstick quality, they contend, is closer to the original than the classic version.

"There's an old Soviet joke about a peasant who came to Moscow and went to the zoo. There he saw a camel for the first time. He regarded the strange animal with astonishment and shook his beard sadly.

"'Look,' said he, 'look what the Bolsheviks have done to our horses!'

"Watching the Vakhtangov production of 'Hamlet' there are

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many who shake their beards sadly and say, 'Look what the Bolsheviks have done to our Shakespeare.'

"But the Vakhtangov Theater says that the peasant is at fault and not the camel. Nicholas P. Akimov, who directed it and did most of the arranging, showed himself a producer of the first water. The sets throughout were magnificent in their simplicity and imaginative richness. The acting was almost flawless."

Hamlet's Gallic "Antic Dispositions"

WHILE MOSCOW IS MANHANDLING "Hamlet" to its own Bolshevik satisfaction, Paris is taking a turn too.

The Comédie Française is doing the play for the first time since the war, and crowds are attending the performance of a much admired actor, M. Yonnel, whose antics, tho different from the Russians, seem equally calculated to amaze the Anglo-Saxon. The New York *Times* gives us hints:

"The new French *Hamlet* reflects the national temperament as closely as the Soviet prince represents the Communist. Accepted as true and reasonable, lavishly praised and liberally attended, the performance was a shock to one brought up in the Anglo-Saxon tradition. This *Hamlet* was 'a neurasthenic French prince, buoyant, excitable, nimble of limb, and gesticulatory of arms.'

"His running about the stage appears to have been the thing that moved the American critic to surprized laughter. Such striking differences in the conception of a character so well known should be significant, not only to students of the drama but to any one with hopes of better understanding among all nations.

"An international conference of *Hamlets* would bring together as many points of view as there were individuals."

Another Film Agony—Deportation

"HE signed for a princely revenue. He got it. He was a screen star. He swaggered about Hollywood. He was not an American citizen. They wanted to break his contract. They had him deported.

A typical tale, reports the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, which supplies no antecedents to all these pronouns, but proceeds:

"For the extremity to which the American theater has been reduced, the alien actors in the land are not responsible. The American screen in particular can not dispense with alien actors and actresses.

"There are times when it seems desirable to break a contract, break it swiftly. The magnates of the moving-picture and the talkie have a pull all their own with the emigration authorities. They use this pull without restraint or scruple. The total number of German screen players now in Hollywood is small, to be sure. Some of them have acquired American citizenship. This protects them from the peril of summary expulsion. . . . Congress has seriously considered a bill to keep the alien player out of the land. Exceptional cases of alien players with rare talents are provided for in the bill.

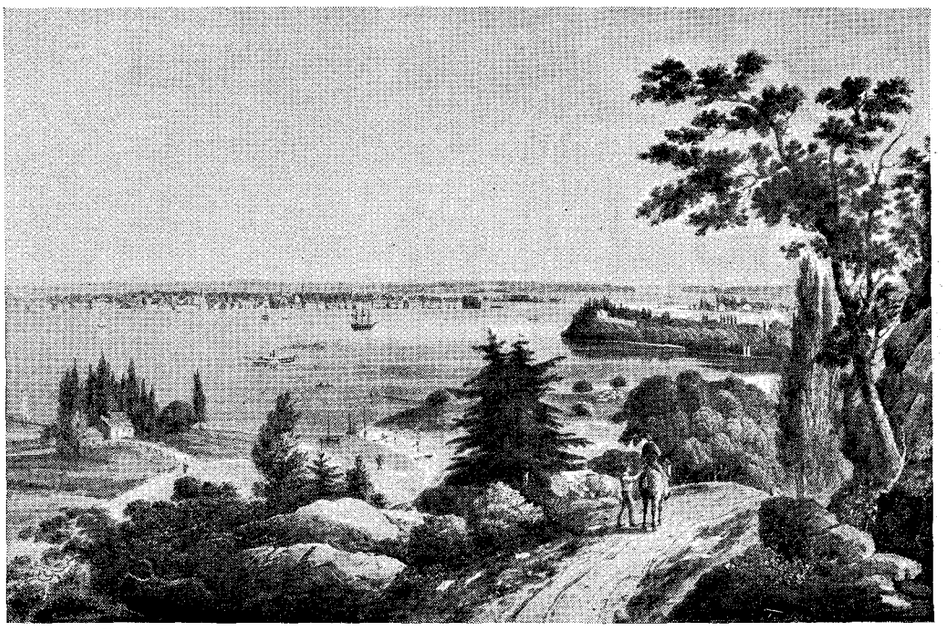
"Still, the measure is bound to have serious results for European musicians, actors, and actresses."

Where We Stood in 1832

CAN A CENTURY TURN BACK upon its beginnings? Those shadows of coming events certainly had a long reach, for America in 1832 presented some strange parallels to America in 1932.

This may be seen in an exhibition of prints, cartoons, broadsides, playbills, and newspapers held at the Old Print Shop in Lexington Avenue, New York, as a contribution to the Bicentennial year.

A President was up for reelection, a depression was in the offing—not receding as we now fondly hope—"the tenant of the White House was struggling with a balky Congress," "a raid was on to distribute the Treasury surplus among the States," and President Jackson and Nicholas Biddle were at war over the status of the Bank of the United States.



Courtesy of the Old Print Shop

"New York From Weehawk"

Manhattan, the thin line near the horizon, seemed to be "built upon a hill" to Mrs. Humphry Ward on her visit some years back.

These points are noted by H. I. Brock as the political background of the scene revealed in so many aspects in the Print Shop show, and especially illustrated in its cartoons.

Some other things, to be learned or refreshed in memory of this old time, are noted by Charles Messer Stone in the New York *Sun:*

"New York was a lively city in the 1830s, with a dozen theaters and plenty of other places of amusement. Mr. Newman has gathered an interesting lot of playbills, as well as likenesses of favorite actors and actresses of the time.

"One field of collecting which has engaged attention increasingly of late is that of song covers. Invariably these were ornamented with lithographs designed to help the sale of the song by their attractiveness to the taste of the time.

"In the thirties there seemed to be a great interest in military affairs, and crack companies of young men drilled, made their regiments their social headquarters, and gave their balls and other affairs. Many of the songs shown are dedicated to various military organizations.

"The decade of the eighteen-thirties had not seen much advance in railroad building. Transportation by steamboat was common, and the stage-coach had reached its highest development. The desire for speed, which is the characteristic index to our own decade, was just about to spring into being.

"The machine age, with its principles of mass production, its subjugation of distance and its ideals of standardization, had not quite dawned.

"There was yet no telegraph—Samuel F. B. Morse was teaching

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painting still—and the first message was not sent over a wire till 1844. The transportation of the time is represented in this exhibition with representations of stage-coaches, vessels of many types, and the crude railroad trains.

"Van Buren, Calhoun, Clay, Jackson, Harrison—these were the great names of the decade a hundred years ago, and the greatest of these at that time was Jackson. In war, in politics, and in common talk he loomed large, and it is only fitting that he should be represented fully in an exhibition of the time. A portrait of the President attributed to Ralph Earl forms the center of the Jackson items.

"It has been brought home to us in recent months that business in this country has had certain precedents for its misbehavior. The years between 1830 and 1840 were not fat years for business, and in 1837 occurred a panic with disastrous effects on the banks. Apparently that time was more severe, in comparison, than the one through which we are now passing. Its echoes reverberate on the walls of the Old Print Shop.

"As in the eighteen-thirties we were on the eve of a new age, so in the nineteen-thirties it seems that many phases of the age then dawning have run their course. It may be that by studying those times we may receive an idea or two that will help us in the time to come."

ARCHITECTURE, which is most graphically illustrated in this show, was entering upon a period of reformation. So Mr. Brock deals especially with the New York scene:

"*The Evening Post* in 1833 congratulated the citizens that the 'projections called dormant windows which in many streets disfigure almost every private house' are disappearing from the urban picture. As Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble, so the 'bad taste' which built permanent structures in New York of 'perishable' brick is passing in favor of 'nobler and more durable materials.' In the judgment of the *Evening Post* critic there is 'scarcely any stone the effect of which is not superior to brick.'

"This learned clerk merely reflects the current prejudice exprest in the building of the time which held that brick was common.'

"The Astor House was built of Quincy granite at a cost of $500,000, the Tombs likewise of granite, probably that quarried by the convicts of Sing Sing, which is certainly used in many other buildings of the period. La Grange Terrace, Holt's Hotel, Barnum's Museum, were faced with marble. Where the upper story was still of brick it was the mode to mitigate the 'commonness' by facing the street-level story with stone.

"The persistence of the prejudice eventually, in the next generation, led to the almost successful attempt to reduce New York to a uniform chocolate color, by plating every house-front with brownstone. Similarly, during the recent fever of Brobdingnagian building, every sky-scraper's face had to dazzle the eye with chromium plate. New York has always been like that."

A note on the illustration shown on page 16 is given by Earl Starling in *The World-Telegram* (New York):

"In an old print of a Methodist Camp Meeting there is a touch that seems modern. On the stand are a dozen dour gentlemen in black, praying and preaching; in the row of benches under the trees are many ladies bent on their knees; but in the foreground are two sailors plainly off for a drink, and there are many young gallants squiring willing ladies out of earshot of the parsons.

"Camp meetings in the 1830's were plainly not all religion nor solemnity."

The Cover

SOMETHING like pioneer days seems to be represented in Mr. Johnson's "Lure of the Rockies."

We may leave it at that, tho a "lure" implies a drawing on beyond definite times.

The artist, who lives in New York, was born near Big Grove, Iowa, in 1874.

He studied art in New York under various masters, one of whom was Robert Henri, and won the Shaw purchase prize in 1923, and the Edgar B. Davis prize in 1929. He is represented in the National Gallery in Washington.

Ten Best of Season's Plays

THEATER-GOERS, LIKE DRAMATIC CRITICS, sometimes survey a completed season, and appraise their joys and sorrows.

Burns Mantle of *The Daily News* (New York) has for some years been making his choice of the ten best plays, and putting them into a book.

Those who speculate on where was gained their best money's worth may scrutinize Mr. Mantle's list with interest, seeing he is somewhat dogmatic:

"Other lists of best plays have been made and passed upon. Most of them dodged the issue either by declaring sulkily that the season failed to produce ten plays worth mentioning, or that there were more than ten [so why select only ten?], or that it is a silly business anyway.

"Fair reasoning but a footless argument. The point is that the game is to select ten. The particular ten which, in the judgment of the selector, best represented the theater season by doing most credit to the agencies responsible for their production, the actors represented in their playing, and the audiences that endorsed and, in a manner of speaking, supported them.

"These, then, were the ten best plays of the season of 1931-32:

"'Of Thee I Sing,' by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, with music by George Gershwin and lyrics by his brother Ira.

"'Mourning Becomes Electra,' by Eugene G. O'Neill.

"'Reunion in Vienna,' by Robert Emmet Sherwood.

"'The House of Connelly,' by Paul Green.

"'The Animal Kingdom,' by Philip Barry.

"'The Left Bank,' by Elmer Rice.

"'Another Language,' by Rose Franken.

"'Brief Moment,' by S. N. Behrman.

"'The Devil Passes,' by Benn W. Levy.

"'Cynara,' by H. M. Harwood and R. F. Gore-Browne.

"The only other completed list of ten plays that I have seen is that selected by the amiable Robert Garland of *The World-Telegram*. Mr. Garland agrees with seven of the ten here named, but would substitute Elmer Rice's, 'Counsellor-at-Law,' Maxwell Anderson's 'Night Over Taos' and Dennis Johnston's 'Moon in the Yellow River' for 'The Left Bank,' 'Brief Moment' and 'The Devil Passes.'

"'Night Over Taos' and 'Moon in the Yellow River' were literary dramas of fine quality, and 'Counsellor-at-Law' a more popular play than the same author's 'Left Bank.' I do not, however, believe that singly or collectively they were as significant and representative a contribution to this particular season as the three I have favored."

Dos Passos Russia's Favorite

READERS OF THE "VANGUARD LITERATURE" of America will feel no surprize on being told who the Russians prefer among our writers.

It is the author of "Manhattan Transfer," "The 42d Parallel," and "1919"—John Dos Passos.

In *Comoedia* (Paris) we find an interesting item credited to *La Presse étrangère* (the foreign press) giving the preferences of Soviet writers for the books of domestic and foreign production:

"A literary journal of Moscow, *Literaturnaja Gazeta*, has questioned a certain number of Soviet writers about the books which they have read with most interest during the course of the year 1931. Among the writers who have replied to the inquiry one finds Asejeff, Malyskine, Lavreneff, Babel, and Ivanoff.

"The work most frequently cited is a romance by the American writer, John Dos Passos: 'The 42d Parallel.'

"Two other works of the same author have equally found approval. Coming thereafter in the order of the number of votes, we find Nicolai Tichenoff, Stendhal in his 'Le Rouge et Le Noir,' Pasternak, Malyskine, Solokoff, Sagninan, Mitrofanoff.

"Furthermore, certain ones receive scattering votes: James Joyce, with 'Ulysses'; Marcel Proust, for his cycle of romances, 'A La Recherche du Temps Perdu.' Charles Dickens, and the German reporter, Erwin Kisch.

"*Literaturnaja Gazeta* accords almost supreme preference to John Dos Passos."

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World Suicide by Birth Control

THE BIRTH-CONTROL MOVEMENT is emptying the cradle.

The hand that rules the world is failing in its primary and most obvious function.

And if the decline in the birth-rate continues unchecked, it means the extinction of Western civilization within a few decades. No mere alarmist makes the statement. It comes from a student of population growth and development.

That all the chief nations of Europe are dwindling is said to be definitely established by the latest birth-rate statistics of England, France, Germany, and Italy, which show startling birth-rate decreases since the beginning of the century. In this country, too, natural increase is slowing down.

The birth-rate in England and Wales for the March quarter, as recorded by the Registrar-General, we read in the London *Daily Mail*, was only 15.3 per 1,000 of the population, the lowest ever recorded for the period of the year. In 1876 the rate was 36.3.

This decline is coupled with the sinister fact that for the March quarter the death-rate was higher than the birth-rate—15.4 as against 15.3. The excess of deaths over births was 1,214. The decline in the birth-rate is not a passing phenomenon, but a development which is gaining momentum.

In London, we read, the birth-rate for the quarter was only 14.6. In the 117 great towns of England the rate was 15.6, slightly above the rate for the whole country, which shows that the decline is now a national and not merely an urban phenomenon.

Many cities in other countries, records *The Daily Mail*, had a lower birth-rate than London during the quarter. These are the figures given us:

Berlin	8.8	Oslo	8.9
Dresden	8.9	Paris	14.5
Leipzig	10.8	New York	15.9
Munich	11.0	Chicago	14.3
Hamburg	11.1		

Much of the decline in the birth-rate, we are told, is due to the growth of the birth-control movement, which is opposed by practically only one great group, the Roman Catholic Church. This, it is said, may partly explain why the birth-rate in Madrid last quarter was 31.1—about double the average rate for other capitals—and perhaps also the 18.1 of Rio de Janeiro.

WHILE Spain, Portugal, and Ireland, all Roman Catholic countries, have had since 1928 a greater natural increase in population than in the opening years of the century, we read, in England, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Belgium the natural increase has been only one-quarter that of twenty-five years ago. In Austria and France, also Roman Catholic countries, and in Switzerland, the diminution is more than 50 per cent.

The decrease in births is causing grave concern in France, according to the Paris correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. "It has become so serious," he writes, "that, whereas in 1930 the number of youths called to the colors was 258,000, the contingent for 1935 will, it is estimated, be only 136,000." In 1835, he writes, the average French family raised four children. In 1896 they raised only three, and to-day the average number is only 2.2.

If the decrease in the birth-rate continues at the present rate, it is estimated that in seventy-five years the population will have decreased by nearly one-half.

From Berlin comes the news that the birth-rate in 1931, 16 per 1,000 inhabitants, was the lowest on record. The surplus of births over deaths in Germany, with a population of 63,000,000, was 305,525 last year, against 416,600 in 1930. But in Berlin deaths exceeded births by 10,718.

In Italy the birth-rate has shown a slight decrease during the last five years. It dropt from 27 in 1927 to 25 in 1931. In 1884, however, the rate was 39, and in 1900 it was 33.

In the United States the rate dropt from 24.3 in 1921 to 18.9 in 1930.

Poland, with a population of 31,000,000, shows a surplus of births over deaths of 526,000 in 1930, the birth-rate then being 32.8, slightly higher than in 1929.

Coming home, we hear that fewer lullabies are sung in fourteen of the large American cities. Every one of them, says a statistical bulletin published by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, recorded a drop in the birth-rate during 1931. The decline was 22 per cent. in Boston, and 17 per cent. in Detroit. The only large city in the United States with a birth-rate over 20 per 1,000 was Pittsburgh, and there the rate declined more than 6 per cent. from the 1930 figure.

Among these cities increases in the death-rate were observed for five and decreases for six, with Detroit and Milwaukee leading in the latter classification. In New York City the death-rate showed a very small increase, less than 1 per cent.

THUS it is seen that the whole of Western civilization is facing possible extinction. It is not due to some inherent biological weakness. It seems rather generally agreed that Western civilization is committing suicide. The main cause of the birth decline, says *The Daily Mail*, "must evidently be the wide-spread adoption of birth control." In any case, it says, "the time is not far distant when the population of Great Britain will become stationary. Professor Bowley some years ago estimated that it would attain a figure of 48,000,000 twenty years hence, after which it would rise no more. There is now general agreement that the stationary point may be reached in the immediate future."

The theory that the general decline in the birth-rate is due to the birth-control movement is confirmed by Dr. J. J. Spengler, assistant professor of economics and business administration at the University of Arizona. In *Scribner's Magazine* he traces the movement to the dissipation of religious beliefs, psychological unrest, the emancipation of woman, and to economic factors.

"That birth control is an integral part of our *mores*," says Dr. Spengler, "is patent in the fact that its practise is condemned, and with decreasing effectiveness, by only one well-organized group, the Catholic Church."

To induce couples to bear children Dr. Spengler suggests State-paid parenthood. The wages would consist of both money payments and free services, such as care for health of mother and child, free nursery care when desired, and other kinds of free income. Children, he says, are "economic commodities," and they must be so regarded if biological decay and the collapse of Western civilization is to be avoided.

The decline in the birth-rate "should eventually tend to reduce the number of unemployed, and, on the other hand," says the Boston *Herald* somewhat doubtfully, "it will lessen the consumption of the commodities with which the world is already oversupplied. Nor can its influence on war and peace be calculated, for France, long possessing a low birth-rate, has become one of the most military-minded of the nations. About our only consolation," thinks *The Herald*, "is that what we may lose in the quantity of children we may gain in quality."

So, too, the London *Daily Herald*, which maintains that "if there are fewer children in quantity there is solid gain in the great probability that they are of better quality, and that their parents will be able to give them a better start in life."

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The Drys' Sorrow Over Mr. Rockefeller

PROFOUND SORROW REIGNS in the dry religious press over the loss to the cause of Prohibition of John D., Jr., as they still affectionately dub him.

But the shock of Mr. Rockefeller's announcement that he favors repeal is quickly absorbed. It is not generally believed by the denominational editors that many will hurdle the fence after him. None doubts his sincerity, but many question the logic of his position.

The chief complaint against him is that he offers no "constructive substitute" for the Eighteenth Amendment. He scuttles the ship without building a raft.

Dr. John R. Mott, on the other hand, favors resubmission, but only if an alternative is offered. If the present ship is to be scuttled as unseaworthy, he wants another made ready.

It will be remembered that Mr. Rockefeller's change of mind was discust elsewhere in THE DIGEST June 18, and Dr. Mott's in the issue of June 25.

The echo of these "two bombshells," as one denominational journal describes them, is still reverberating. Prohibition, it seems, has come to its Armageddon. The tramping of the hosts is already heard. Through their general assemblies and conventions, millions of Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and others have announced that they will fight to continue Prohibition as the law of the land. Yet it is from these same ranks that many of the wet leaders, too, are drawn.

The Rockefeller announcement serves to tighten the lines.

The drys regret his loss, but they still think of him as a sincere and kindly Christian gentleman who has done much to promote the welfare of mankind. They think of him not as a renegade, but as a victim of his environment, carried away by the flood of propaganda engulfing the Eastern States.

Keystone

"It Is Political Bankruptcy"

Says Dr. Hugh Thomson Kerr, Presbyterian leader, "to champion repeal without offering something to take the place of the present law, except a return to the old saloon order."

"He can not be dismissed as a 'scofflaw'; nor will it do to class him with those 'rich wets' who are simply thirsty or who would prefer to see the budget balanced by taxes in beer instead of incomes," says the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist). "Brewers are no more to him than they are to Mrs. Ella Boole or Deets Pickett." And to this member of the *Advocate* family "there can be no doubt that Mr. Rockefeller's letter to President Butler could have been signed by other men, including not a few conscientious Methodists, who live in the same region, read the same daily newspapers, have a similar social environment, and—mark this well!—receive reports from their own sons and daughters regarding the prevalence of drinking habits among people who are looked upon as exemplars of the social proprieties."

BUT this New York *Advocate* disagrees entirely with Mr. Rockefeller's statement that drinking has increased under Prohibition. "We find no serious investigator, except the professional wets," it says, "who really believes that the consumption of liquor under 'Prohibition at its worst' has not been enormously decreased."

Dr. Mott's position, on the other hand, we are told, "will have supporters in the dry ranks, tho it will surely be stoutly opposed by the dry organizations."

But a strong note of regret over "the weak and conciliatory attitude" of Dr. Mott is sounded by *The Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty*. It concedes that "there is nothing sacrosanct about Prohibition because it happens to be the law," but it can not understand why there should be a change of heart on the part of those who have favored it in the past. The essential facts and problems, it maintains, have in no way changed.

"THROUGHOUT the country, especially among the plain, sober, serious-minded millions of the middle classes, the home-owners, actual bread-winners," declares the Cincinnati *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), "will pay little attention to Mr. Rockefeller's letter, except momentary surprize that he should reverse himself."

All the arguments for repeal are contradicted by this Mid-West *Advocate*. It asserts that drinking has decreased by 70 per cent. under Prohibition and that 80 per cent. of racketeering is in no way connected with liquor, points to Col. Amos W. Woodcock's report that Prohibition made steady gains in 1931, notes that the Government in eleven years collected in fines and penalties and in revenues in taxes on legitimate use of alcohol nearly $265,000,000 over the cost of enforcement, says that the majority of college presidents do not look on Prohibition as a failure, and maintains further—

"That the evangelical churches, which touch the 'common people' more closely than any other organization, are almost unanimously for Prohibition for its moral and social benefits, and for the immeasurable protection it puts around the home, especially the women and the children.

"That the present noise for repeal or resubmission conceals a temporary disguise and a crafty purpose to get the double-headed monster of the saloon and brewery back into the homes and the laws of the land.

"How is beer to be supplied except by a brewery, or how is it and other intoxicants to be sold except by a saloon or a bartender of some kind, whatever label or clothes may be worn?"

THE essence of Mr. Rockefeller's plan is to destroy the Eighteenth Amendment without offering any plan as a substitute, in the opinion of *The Christian-Evangelist* (Disciples of Christ). "He wants the people to rub out all they have done and start in anew to fight the whole matter through again. That is a kind of surrender and near-anarchy that does not commend itself to people who are in earnest."

A Presbyterian raises a question for Mr. Rockefeller. In a published letter to the great Baptist layman, Dr. Hugh Thomson Kerr, president of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, member of the Presbyterian General Council, and Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly of 1930, says that "to champion repeal without offering something to take the place of the present law, except a return to the old saloon order, is not statesmanship; it is political bankruptcy." But, supposing that the vote is put to the people and the present law is upheld, "will those who now oppose the law honestly and frankly support it after such resubmission?" asks Dr. Kerr. "There is no country in the world that has an ideal solution," he says. "The Eighteenth Amendment was the result of a long

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process of temperance agitation and economic dissatisfaction with the liquor traffic. Naked repeal can mean nothing but reversion to the old order, and there is still a majority, I believe, who will vote to move forward rather than backward."

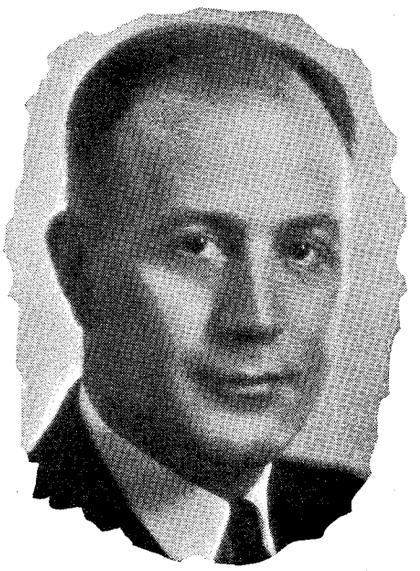
The Baptist (Northern branch) has no objection to a referendum on Prohibition, provided that the people have "a fair alternative" before them. "Merely to repeal," it says, "would be to substitute chaos for what has, at its worst, a semblance of order."

However, Mr. Rockefeller finds a supporter in *The Churchman*, liberal Episcopal organ, which holds that identifying Prohibition with Christianity is "a perfect illustration of unwarranted presumption." *The Churchman* suspects that Mr. Rockefeller will be charged with being unchristian, but it maintains that—

"The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law are essentially legalistic measures; the Founder of Christianity consistently denounced legalism in religion.

"If any one doubts this statement, let him turn to the Sermon on the Mount or to the twenty-third chapter of Matthew.

"Church people have every right to support Prohibition as we have it in the United States; but when they attempt to back their support by identifying such legalistic measures with Christianity, they are going far afield. Temperance in all things is of the very essence of the teaching of Jesus; legalistic prohibitions are not."



Barnaba Studios, Inc.

"Profits at Any Price"

Has become our standard, says Kenneth Collins, publicity director of R. H. Macy & Co., and the great problem of the day is to make the truth pay.

How to Be Successful

"ONLY A LIFE LIVED for others is worth while."

It is in the best of Christian tradition, but the words are Albert Einstein's.

They are the answer of the great Jewish scientist to a boy who wants to know the necessary qualifications for success in the world to-day.

Others to whom Albert Bassuk, a student at St. John's College, Brooklyn, wrote are Prof. John Dewey, the philosopher; Edward Arlington Robinson, the poet; Aldous Huxley, the writer, and Louis D. Brandeis, a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Albert uses the answers in *Youth*, the publication of the Young Israel of Williamsburg borough.

Dr. Dewey says there are many kinds of success, and that personally he feels at a loss in suggesting how to attain any one of them.

"In fact," writes this teacher of philosophy, "it seems to me that probably the most worthy kinds of success are achieved by not aiming directly at it. The main thing is to have some interest or calling in which one is thoroughly interested, and which calls out his best powers. Then ultimate success will have to take care of itself. In my opinion, there is a large element of luck entering in."

"Be sure that you know what you want to do," writes Mr. Robinson, who has made his mark in verse. "If you are sure of that, success will probably take care of itself—so long as you do not want to write poetry."

To Mr. Huxley success is a product of luck, industry, and ability "compounded in varying proportions." He says there is no universal recipe for "concocting this mixture."

"Work hard," advises Justice Brandeis. "Be ever honorable in your dealings. Be helpful to your neighbors and to your country."

To-Day's Problem: Make Truth Pay

"WANTED: BUSINESS LEADERS with character."

Of course, you won't find it in the classified ads. But that is what is needed, says Kenneth Collins, executive vice-president and publicity director of R. H. Macy & Co., one of New York City's big department stores. He was addressing the recent joint convention of the merchandise managers' and sales promotion divisions of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, which, through its members, spreads a good deal of advertising over the country.

"Now that the veneer of prosperity has been scratched off, now that men are finding that each day's problems demand some sort of honest, unflinching resolution," says Mr. Collins, as quoted in the New York *Times*, "we find that character is an attribute singularly lacking in most of our so-called business leaders. We who are concerned with advertising are consciously or unconsciously reflecting in the copy we write the moral failures and the bankrupt thinking of these men."

Decrying the indecision with which, he says, important issues have been faced, Mr. Collins claims that "very much of this state of affairs lies at the doors of the business men and women of this country." His indictment agrees with some others:

"I claim that we have worshiped greed and profits at any price, to the point that we have established this standard in the minds of the American people, a standard which is gradually infiltrating the political and social life of the country.

"The great promotional problem of the country is that of establishing codes of ethics and living up to them. I contend that the most practical consideration before us to-day is to devise hour by hour, in our business transactions, some way of making the truth pay."

As We Forgive Those—

TALK about debt cancelation!

The Hennums have wiped the slate clean of $75,000 owing to them. And the beneficiaries are telling the world about his act of charity.

When Mr. and Mrs. James Hennum announced that they had canceled all the debts on the books of their general store at Sloan, Iowa, an Associated Press dispatch tells us, some debtors came and offered to pay. But in each instance the Hennums refused.

"My wife and I believe in forgiving and forgetting," Mr. Hennum said. "And this depression has been hitting some folks pretty hard."

Their creditors numbered several hundred, and the debts ranged from a few cents to $1,000, some of them having been owed for fourteen years.

To each person, the Associated Press dispatch tells us further, the Hennums addrest this letter:

"Kind friends, Mr. and Mrs.——:

"We take the liberty of canceling your debt to us of $——. We hope this will meet your approval. After careful consideration we feel a higher will is guiding. May God bless and prosper you is our prayer."

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Crowning King Gene of Golfdom

THE DARK, DAPPER LITTLE GOLFER, with his niblick in his brown hands, came through "an unruly and uncontrollable rabble—something dreadful to look upon, sweating, pushing, squabbling, screaming and fighting,

Acme

How Mrs. Sarazen Felt—"Hold It!" Cried the Camera Boys

completely overpowering the marshals, and the lone policeman who somehow had found himself inside the circle of the last green."

A friend of the dark, dapper little chap stood up and yelled, according to Paul Gallico in the New York *Daily News:*

"Gene! Don't shoot, you fool! Wait a minute!"

THE swarming, swaying crowd was screaming in ecstasy:

"Down in front! Down in front! Let us see!"

The helpless marshals, continues Mr. Gallico, "were leaping up and down, waving their hats and their hands and hissing 'Shhhhh! Shhhhhhhh!' After which they would scream 'Quiet! Quiet! Keep quiet!' at the top of their lungs."

The gallery at a championship golf match is often unruly. But at the end of the United States Open at Fresh Meadow Country Club, Flushing, New York, in the presence of a new champion, Gene Sarazen, and his fine score of 286, and after a spree of some of the finest golf ever seen, the spectators were more obstreperous than usual.

In the midst of the hubbub, "Gene swung his niblick and dropt the ball some five feet from the hole," Mr. Gallico tells us as he continues in *The News* his description of that final hole:

Of course, the tournament was won by that time. Sarazen's amazing first round of 32 in the afternoon, and his subsequent tour of the back nine in one under par left him coming up to the last green with a six to win and a seven to tie Perkins and Bobby Cruickshank.

It was the new champion who was walking up the eighteenth fairway. And yet there was always the possibility that he might come to grief in the treacherous trap and fluff it, or spill it into an opposite bunker, or into the crowd. And once the nerves go, it is no trick at all to pile up a six or a seven.

Figure the control the young man had over his nerves to shoot his shot at the height of the riot.

The fight was still going on. Willie Klein, Sarazen's partner, was lost in the mob. Gene stood at the back edge of the green and studied the line of the putt.

At this juncture, your correspondent rose up on his hind legs and bawled: "Gene! Put that putter down! Don't touch it until they quiet down! You've got all afternoon. Leave it alone," or words to that effect. Sarazen turned suddenly and lay down full length on the edge of the green beside me. He said:

"That's the worst gallery I ever saw. They've been on us like this all the way around."

Willie Klein came over beefing: "That crowd is going to make me qualify for the Open next year. They ruined me." It was true. As soon as Sarazen played his shot down on the course, they piled forward, leaving Willie to play as best he could.

Sarazen suddenly rubbed his eyes. "I'm so tired I can hardly stand," he said. "How many putts have I got to win, three?"

I told him yes, but that everybody wanted to see him get his 66.

"Oh," he said. "I'll get that. I'm not worrying about the putt. I'm scared over what's going to happen afterwards. I'm scared of that crowd. I wish they'd get some cops in to get me out of here."

A friend offered his hand in congratulation [we are told further]. Gene shook his head—"Not yet," he said. "I'm gonna get it, but wait until I do."

When the mob had finally been controlled and sat in a stifling fifteen-foot circle around Sarazen and his ball, Gene got up, took his stance and, with no preliminaries, hit the ball into the hole. The crowd was on its feet instantly and reaching for Sarazen. But, scared as he was of them, he still dove for the hole, plucked the winning ball out of it and was immediately engulfed by the wave of hysterical spectators and police. What a finish!

Gene Sarazen seems, on the basis of all available comment, to be accepted as about the best there is in the golf world to-day.

He won the British Open a few weeks ago, breaking the score record for the event. He was hailed then as 1932's master of the links.

NOW he has won the United States Open—and it is an unusual feat for one man to capture

Acme

Cruickshank Lost by an Eyelash, Tying With Perkins

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DURING JULY AND AUGUST

Westinghouse 4 YEAR SERVICE PLAN at no cost to you

Backed by a MIGHTY NAME

See a DEMONSTRATION Get a SOUVENIR

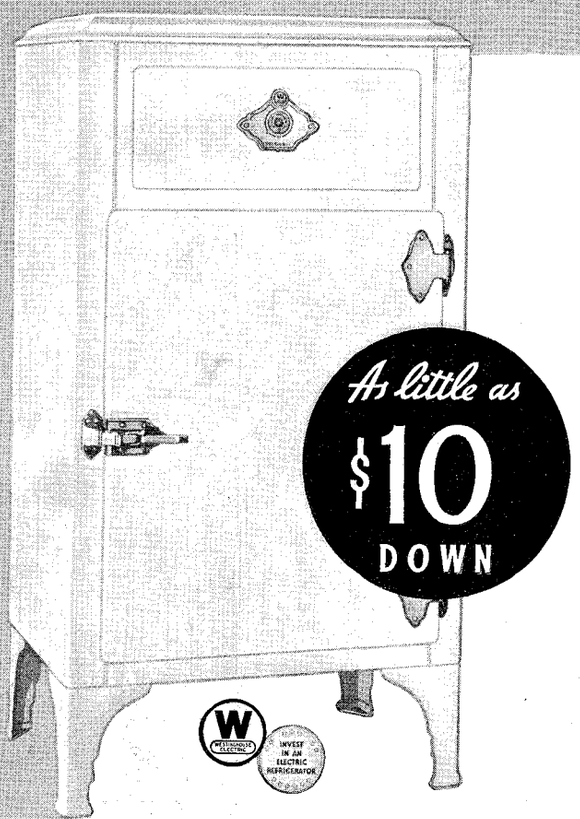
Only the Westinghouse is Dual-automatic

As little as $10 STARTS ITS SAVINGS FOR YOU

It pays for itself YOU CAN AFFORD THE BEST

Westinghouse

Midsummer Thrift Plan



● The utmost in modern electric refrigeration—offered under a plan that quickly covers its entire cost! Westinghouse dealers everywhere have made special arrangements during July and August—to demonstrate how easily you can afford Westinghouse luxury and convenience. Visit the nearest showroom soon—get all these amazing facts.

HERMETICALLY-SEALED MECHANISM

Westinghouse perfected refrigerators are backed by 15 years of engineering research and a 4-year service plan. Sealed forever against the inroads of rust, time and grime. Protected by exclusive Dual-automatic control. Super-charged cooling insures unfailing hot-weather performance. Masterpiece of a mighty organization.

LOW COST—EASY TERMS

The Westinghouse Midsummer Thrift Plan provides easy terms and low down payment—as little as $10 on many popular models. See a demonstration—learn how you can easily afford the best.

LADIES—visit the nearest Westinghouse showroom and receive with your demonstration a handsome emerald glass beverage container absolutely free. If you do not know your dealer's name, mail the coupon and we will gladly direct you.

4 YEAR SERVICE PLAN
backed by a mighty name

Free gift

MAIL COUPON FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.
Refrigeration Dept. (L. D. 7-9-32)
Mansfield, Ohio

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both these titles in one year. Jones did it in '30. In the U. S. Open his total score of 286 ties the score record for the event, and his 66 for the final round sets a new course record.

Gene came from behind to win—as we like to see our champions come—nosing out men like Phil Perkins and Bobby Cruickshank, both of whom at different times near the end were believed to have the title cinched. The blazing conclusion of this tournament was, to quote Bobby Jones himself, "the greatest ever."

Acme

Perkins Was in the Lead That Last Morning

FOR the first time in years, according to Mr. Gallico in comment later than that already quoted, "the tournament was a horse-race. You don't often see them that way," he assures us as we read on:

Usually they chuck the title around on the final nine until some one less unlucky than the rest stumbles in with it. But this was a real classy finish with a field of thoroughbreds. They came down the stretch, T. Philip Perkins in the lead, wee Bobby Cruickshank coming up to blanket him at the finish, and Sarazen pounding down on them from behind to pass them both, and make both their accomplishments forgotten issues to-day. It was that kind of a tournament.

Consider that Bobby Cruickshank cut loose a 69—68 for his last two rounds on Saturday, thirty-six consecutive holes in three under par, on the most trying day of the meet. If there were no Sarazen around the news wires would be singing to the praises of Wee Bobby and his great feat in coming from behind to tie. That in itself is a great story—the little won't-be-licked Scotchman with the cheery grin and the tiny, charming wife, who follows him, hidden in the crowd, every step of the way. There are two great last rounds for an open championship. And yet to-day Bobby is just one of those who tied for second. And yet his two sub-seventy rounds establishes a record of their own, the first time two last rounds were scored in those figures.

THE great Fresh Meadow course took a terrific beating on the final day of "the greatest championship in history," Kerr N. Petrie assures us as we turn to his *Herald Tribune* account of the Sarazen-Perkins-Cruickshank fight. Continuing the story:

A change of wind from the northwest made a vast amount of difference. That stiff northwester had polished the surface of the greens to the keenness of ice. The wind came out of the Southwest, piping up over the hedge at the back of the first green. It was the prevailing wind of these parts, but not much of a wind at that, at least it had no particularly bad effects upon the players. Add to that the fact that for the preceding two nights the greens had been watered liberally.

The putt at the ninth in the morning was the start of Sarazen's song of success. It is lucky now that he did have two bad nines over the seventy-two-hole route—lucky, that is, for Chick Evans's record. Sarazen shattered the British par by doing the Prince's course in 283, and had the gods granted him just one more putt he would have established still another record for the American championship.

Humming down the homeward stretch, Sarazen gathered in four pars, and then made three birdies in a row.

There was a mob scene at the eighteenth, and both Sarazen and Willie Klein, his partner, had difficulty getting through. The walls of the crowd bulged and burst several times. Fans rushed through traps and stampeded on to the green. The only thing they missed was Sarazen's ball.

That ball was in a trap on the right side of the green. Sarazen had played his approach with a suggestion of push. The crowd left him only a strip of green on which to recover. When he played out to within a few feet of the cup, it closed in still further. It was almost as if the crowd expected Sarazen and Klein to come together in a brawl.

Sarazen's final rally broke up what for a time had all the earmarks of being a beautiful international battle. His work and that of Cruickshank spoiled a links epic of the first water.

Bespectacled Phil Perkins, who literally had been pushed into professionalism, winning the national championship would have been something to gloat over by the human-interest gloaters. It was as if the finger of persecution had turned out to be nothing worse than a digit belonging to the hand of philanthropy.

THE next day, as a sort of postscript to the championship, Sarazen, Bobby Jones, Tommy Armour, last year's British Open winner and Billy Burke, last year's king of the U. S. Open, played for charity. Jimmy Powers describes the event thus in *The Daily News:*

Jones, paired with Tommy Armour, had a best ball card of 67 that defeated Sarazen, teamed with Billy Burke, carding a best ball of 70. Jones and Armour won, 3 up and 2 to play.

Jones, however, had a personal medal card of 40—38—78, while Sarazen had a 36—39—75. The little brown Italian and the popular Atlanta lawyer had a side bet of $5 a hole, and Sarazen won. All proceeds, including the side bet and the gate from the smartly drest gallery of 3,000, went to the Mayor's unemployment fund.

Acme

The Big Charity Four—Burke, Sarazen, Jones, and Armour

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Ranching From the Air

THE hard-riding cowboy has a new buddy.

He's the hard-flying, high-flying aviator who is winning himself a place in the wide-open spaces of the cow country.

Aviator and airplane are solving the Western rancher's problem of keeping efficient watch over holdings of hundreds of thousands of acres of land.

Take, for example, the Tom Arnolds of South Dakota—with 100,000 acres in that State, 60,000 acres in Nebraska on lease, and possibly other extensive plains not mentioned by Howard Erickson in an Omaha *World-Herald* article.

A fellow needs a plane to keep track of cattle in pastures like Arnold's, Mr. Erickson explains. There is one pasture in Cherry County, for instance, consisting of twenty-eight sections! Also, he explains:

Tom Arnold also sends his plane to Omaha or over to Iowa to pick up and transport cattle buyers to the ranch when he wants to make a quick turnover.

Most of the tale of the Arnolds and their aerial ranching is told through the story of Edward Marshall Arnold, son of Tom. Eddie is a student at Creighton University in Omaha. According to Mr. Erickson's account he is "a young fellow with some ninety scholastic hours to his credit and nearly as many flying hours." Reading on:

He has acquired the college credits studying business and commerce at Creighton the past three years, and the flying time while working at his father's XU ranch of 100,000 acres in the sand-hills.

Eddie, as he is known on Creighton hill, never mixes college and flying, save for an occasional trip home, a matter of about 300 miles and three hours. He went home this spring, however, by rail, a distance of 450 miles and a thirteen-hour ride, because the family flying-machine was being devoted to purely ranch business just then.

Thirty hours of Eddie's time aloft has been soloing, the balance he has spent under the tutelage of Al Knutson the regular XU ranch pilot. Tom Arnold, Eddie's father, has flown even more than his son, and both are about due to get licenses.

FROM the headquarters of the ranch proper in South Dakota, "men fly with saddles, branding-irons and perhaps a spool of barbed wire down into the hills of Cherry County, Nebraska, where the Arnolds have a secondary base.

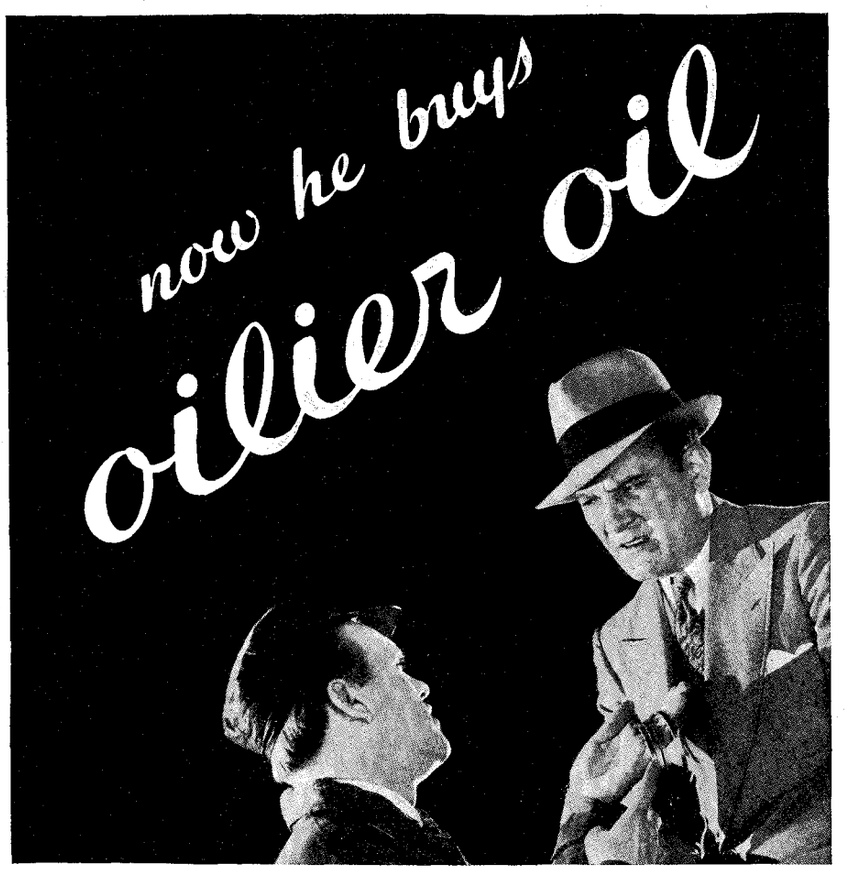
It takes no more than fifteen or twenty minutes to fly from the ranch house down to the Cherry County range [Mr. Erickson continues], so it is easy for the Arnolds to operate over a wide front.

The airplane was very useful, too, last winter, when Eddie's little sister, Frances, fell from her horse and fractured her skull. She was rushed to Omaha and the fracture was successfully treated, the surgeon saying that speed and the absence of jar with which she was transported aided greatly in her quick recovery.

Usually when Eddie flies to Omaha he is accompanied by two fellow students from up in his country, Leo Morris of Gordon and Donald Duncan of Chadron.

"Stuck again"

FOR NEW PISTON RINGS



● EDDIE, his pet mechanic, grinned as he handed over the bill.

"Listen, man!" he advised, as he showed him the scored old rings. "This'll happen again unless you buy *oilier* oil!"

Some motor oil really is *oilier* than others. 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude in its natural state, just as it flows from the wells, has this oilier quality. In refining, all the oiliness of the crude is retained.

This oilier oil *fights heat* as no other oils can. It holds all the power behind your pistons, where all of it can work. Your engine has more power. More pep. More *go!*

That extra oiliness *lasts*, too! You don't have to add or change oil nearly so often. A real saving.

And your motor is fully protected from the results of oil breaking down under engine heat and speed—burned out bearings, scored piston rings, pitted pistons, and other costly and avoidable repairs.

For protection, economy and satisfaction, demand—and *get*—an *oilier* oil, a 100% Pure Pennsylvania oil!

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET!

"$1000 Worth of Information on Motor Oils" will help *you* avoid repair bills. Write for it—today—to Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Dept. A-3, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

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You Need More Than Land to Go Back to the Farm

THE ROAD "BACK TO THE FARM"—is it the road back to prosperity?

Thousands are taking the farmward track, and hopes are rosy.

Self-appointed "economists" have told us that "the golden

Illustrations from *Every Week Magazine*

This Handy Settler's $20 House Is His Castle

path leading out of the dark shadows of depression winds its way along the rural byways and into quiet pastures," says Corinne Reid Frazier in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine. "Rich farmlands, spelling health, wealth, and the happiness popularly associated with getting back to nature, await you out there in the open country, yours for the taking!"

Certainly this prospect of land, where you can at least raise your own food, if nothing more, is alluring to the jobless city dweller.

But should this cry be heeded? asks Miss Frazier.

Will this same jobless city dweller, if he goes back to the land, be able to raise even enough for himself and his family to eat?

Regardless of the answer to this question, thousands are heeding the farmward hail.

Modern pioneers, says a writer in Newspaper Enterprise Association's *Every Week Magazine*, "are leaving the populous cities behind them and journeying to new lands, new opportunities, a new mode of life.

"Instead of ox-drawn wagons, the 1932 hegira employs squeaking, battered motor-cars, ofttimes groaning and limping under the burden of humanity and household chattels heaped upon them."

To-day, the survey runs on:

The United States is in the midst of a back-to-the-land movement of the greatest magnitude witnessed in decades. It is led by the unemployed who have saved a little money—sometimes no more than a hundred dollars or two—and who are willing to face tremendous hardships, and often real physical suffering, for the chance to win themselves a home.

In New England, the South, the Mid-West, the Northwest, and on the far Pacific coast, the stream of families going back to the farm is flowing slowly but earnestly on its way. Several thousand families already have made the change. Thousands more are undertaking their adventurous transition this spring and summer.

In the cheap land districts of the Central Northwest alone, letters from prospective settlers are coming to railroads and other agencies at the rate of about a thousand a day, and have been for months.

FOR more specific figures we turn to the Atlanta *Journal*, which reports that in one recent year 681,000 persons moved from city to farm. Colonizing experiments, added to the natural drift of individuals and single families, have possibly increased the farmward traffic flow during more recent months.

Who are the farmward bound? Where, in a thickly populated land such as this, are they finding the land to go back to? What is happening to them?

The public domain—186,000,000 acres of it still unclaimed—looks like a good bet to many of the landseekers. Whether it is or not you will have to decide for yourself from evidence to come.

There is the Central Northwest, already mentioned.

In the Southwest, Victor H. Schoffelmayer, agricultural editor of the Dallas *News*, estimates that nearly 2,500 families moved to farms in 102 Texas counties this spring.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* reports the rapid filling up of empty farms in that region.

THE Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* notes decreasing farm population in certain Pennsylvania counties, and suggests that the urban unemployed might find work and independence in these sections.

Elsewhere, particularly in the South, the communal idea is being tried.

Now, what is happening to the people who are going back to the land? Consider the case of the Berrys, whose story is told with a number of others in the *Every Week Magazine* article already cited.

B. H. Berry and his wife and their three small children "left a modern six-room home in Milwaukee to live in a one-room board house in the cut-over lands" of Minnesota. Reading on:

Berry grew up on an Iowa farm. The era of high wages drew him into a Milwaukee factory, where he made a good living as a machinist. He married, bought a home on contract, and considered himself settled.

Then came a long period of part-time work, then no work at all. His savings dwindled. He could not meet the payments on his home. Finally it was taken from him. Determined to seek independence, he "salvaged enough from the wreck to make a small down payment on eighty acres of unimproved ground and get his family on it."

"On four acres we grew 400 bushels of potatoes last summer, and plenty of vegetables to carry us through the winter," Berry recounted. "We have butchered two hogs for meat. I've been able to keep a little cash coming in through the winter by cutting wood.

"It is the hardest kind of work, but you could not drag me back to the city with a team of horses. Eventually, I think we

Fresh From Town, But Not Afraid of the Job

will have a nice, comfortable home of our own and be safe from want."

Others are faring as well as the Berrys. The John Halls, for example, who moved up from North Carolina with a little

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farming experience. The Hall story, too, is told in *Every Week Magazine* thus:

Hall picked a tract of land on which a former settler had built a log cabin and cleared several acres for cultivation. The first settler gave up the battle after getting that far.

"We had just $7.40 after we got on this piece of ground and paid the freight on what belongings we brought," said Mr. Hall. "That was two years ago this April.

"Last summer we grew 200 bushels of potatoes on two and a half acres. Of course, potatoes aren't worth much of anything now, but they are good hog feed, as well as good food for the family.

"We also raised corn and plenty of vegetables of all kinds. We grew enough hogs to keep us supplied with meat, winter and summer. Now I have a herd of ten cows, also two horses.

"There is plenty to eat, plenty of fuel in winter, and a good chance to pay out on our land. We are glad we came."

Hall, of course, has not paid for all his stock. He was able to obtain credit because he proved he understood farming and care of live stock.

A ROSY picture, so far. Perhaps it needs a little shadow to complete it. What do the realistic-minded experts of the United States Department of Agriculture think of this back-to-the-land movement?

We go straight to the top of the Department, to Secretary Arthur M. Hyde himself, and we get this blunt advice:

"Let's count ten first, please, and think it over!"

The man who wants to go back to the land, must, according to Secretary Hyde, as quoted by Corinne Reid Frazier, in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine, have experience and capital, "capital with which to buy not only his stock and poultry and the seed and fertilizer for his crops but also the necessary implements for tilling his soil and for harvesting." Then, proceeding to very precise figures, the Secretary gives us an idea of how much capital is required:

"Supplies needed to start a two-mule family farm in the Southeastern States, for instance, will amount to $1,028, with no allowance for cost of buildings, land, or improvements thereon. A farm of 100 to 130 acres, with buildings, located in the Central Atlantic States is found to require an initial capital outlay of $2,180, while a dairy farm of ten cows, two horses, and forty hens, altho rent-free, eats up $1,118 in capital for supplies before a quart of milk sold.

"And now for a glance at the problem from the settler's point of view.

"Perhaps he looks first at what is left of our public domain. Somewhere he may have seen the statement that the public domain still includes some 186,000,000 acres of land unappropriated. The Homestead Law would permit him land for the taking, so why not stake out a farm in the shadow of the Rockies?

"Let him be disillusioned promptly and brutally, if necessary. Almost none of the remaining public domain is suited to general farming; nearly all of it is in arid or semi-arid regions. Soil fertility, where any form of agriculture is at all possible, is such that only grazing is feasible."

Save 60¢

THIS COUPON AND 40¢ BRINGS YOU $1 SCALPTONE

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I enclose 40¢. Please send me full-size $1.00 bottle of Packer's Scalptone.

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*My druggist is*_____

(coupon must be mailed before August 13, 1932)

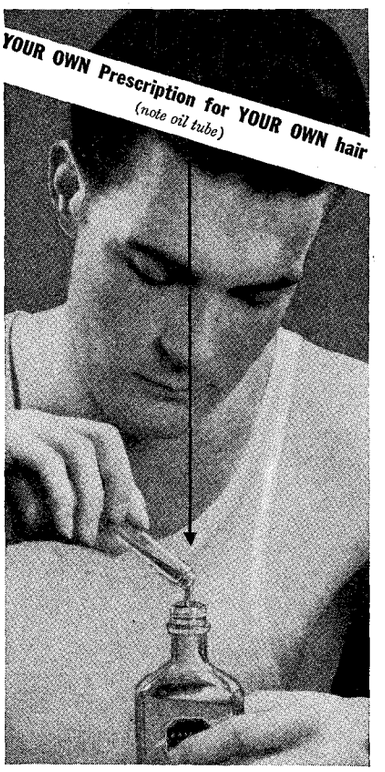
This coupon and 40¢ brings $1.00 BOTTLE *of Scalptone*

Just fill in the coupon and mail it to us with 40¢. In return, you'll get a regular, full-size $1.00 bottle of Scalptone — Packer's new hair tonic.

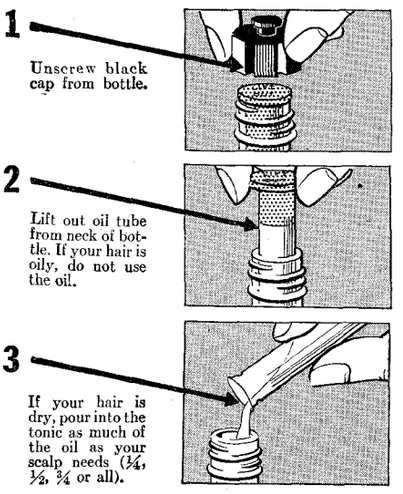
These are the only strings to our offer: It's limited to one bottle to a person and to one person in a home. It's open only until August 13th. And you must fill in the name of your neighborhood druggist on the coupon.

We make this special offer at the request of druggists themselves. "You've got the first new idea in hair tonics in 30 years," they told us. "Get a lot of men to try it *just once* and we'll sell a raft of it."

That's why we offer to save you 60¢ on your *first* bottle. The special price, of course, means a big loss to us. But we think it is good business to charge that loss to advertising.



It's YOUR OWN *prescription for* YOUR OWN HAIR


1
Unscrew black cap from bottle.
2
Lift out oil tube from neck of bottle. If your hair is oily, do not use the oil.
3
If your hair is dry, pour into the tonic as much of the oil as your scalp needs (¼, ½, ¾ or all).

Packer's Scalptone is the only hair tonic that's adjustable. You mix it to suit your own hair and scalp. The secret is in the oil-tube feature (see diagrams to the left).

If your hair is *oily*, use Scalptone just as it is. If your hair is dry, you can make Scalptone *more* or *less* oily, as your scalp requires.

Scalptone keeps your scalp healthy and dandruff-free—your hair well-groomed without a plastered-down look. Mail coupon and 40¢ for the full-size $1.00 bottle.

PACKER'S SCALPTONE

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Further, according to figures in the Washington *News*, "the 640 acres allowed a settler under the Homestead Acts is too small for grazing. Reclamation farms require $2,000 in capital, and two years' experience."

As if in verification of Secretary Hyde's statement that the inexperienced man can not expect to do much on the farm, there comes the story of Bill Ford, related in the same *Every Week Magazine* account that tells of the Halls and the Berrys.

As exprest by Ford, who was a bus-driver in Buffalo, New York, before he moved onto a hundred acres of timbered land in northern Minnesota:

"A farmer may seem a rube when he comes to the big towns, but just put a real city man on the land and see what a dumb ox he is!"

In the district where Ford settled, more than a hundred other families from industrial centers of the East, Mid-West, and South have bought cut-over land in the past eighteen months. They center about the little town of Lengby, Minnesota, on the Great Northern Railway, and form a typical colony of the back-to-the-land movement.

Their experiences should be of some help to the scores of thousands of other city folks who are thinking of the soil as a haven of refuge from present economic troubles.

Bill Ford and his wife and three small children are accustomed to the comforts, conveniences and luxuries common to the city family of modest but steady income. They have spent something more than a year in their little cabin in the woods.

"By trading in our automobile and using our savings," said Bill, "we got what seemed a first-class cut-over homestead. Then I began to learn about the country.

"In the first place, I bought too much timbered land, when for the same money I could have had a smaller piece with more clearing done. It takes cleared ground to grow crops, and it's all-fired hard, slow labor for a man to do the clearing.

"Of course, a settler with little means needs plenty of timber for fuel, log buildings, and for cutting to sell in the winter.

"Our first spring on the land we managed to get some ground ready for planting potatoes, beans, and other vegetables, and some stock feed.

"I planted some stuff too early, and lost it. I planted some too late, and lost it. If I had known more about the work, we would have had good yields, for the soil is very productive here.

"I had bought a team of horses and half a dozen pigs, also a couple of cows, as a start in live stock. Because I did not know how to take care of them, one horse died, and it was followed by five of the pigs. That's losing money fast.

"Meantime, I lost 100 pounds in weight from worry and the extremely hard physical labor, to which I was unaccustomed. But now we have that first year behind us, and we learned much from our experiences. I am not ready to quit."

An Old Steel Oil Barrel Comforts the Halls as a Stove

Even the experienced farmer has his woes, and plenty of them, in these days.

Because high taxes and low prices for agricultural produce have "made it impossible to continue farming except at a loss, James D. Wilkie, member of a pioneer Bloom Township family, announced he will give away his 113-acre farm to any club, society, or charitable institution which will take it," says a recent issue of the Chicago Heights *Star*. Continuing its relation of one farmer's plight and what he proposes to do about it, we read:

Mr. Wilkie's offer is accompanied by two or three simple provisions. The institution receiving the farm must pay him a moderate rental during his lifetime and that of his wife, and must give him a mortgage to assure that the agreement is carried out. The mortgage will expire with the death of Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie, however, and the farm will become the absolute property of the recipient.

Four years ago the land would have brought not less than $40,000, Mr. Wilkie estimated. To-day it will not pay its taxes.

Guarding the Doves of Peace From What? The Dogs of War?

The pretty young correspondent from America had $3,000 in cash.

With so much money, the Swiss police at Lausanne reasoned, she could not possibly be the reporter she claimed to be.

Any one with $3,000 in these times must, they would seem to have argued, be a spy, and up to very dirty work indeed.

So, the young woman spent five hours in a police-station in Lausanne before she could convince the authorities that she was really an American journalist, with no more obnoxious purpose than writing special articles about the Reparations Conference.

P. J. Philip, in a news dispatch from Lausanne to the New York *Times*, explains the episode of the newspaper woman and the $3,000, and other similar incidents attending the conference, thus:

Being host to two international conferences is not such an easy task, and even the Swiss, accustomed as they are to having their mountains and hotels trampled over by crowds of visitors, are not altogether enjoying themselves. For one thing, they find the guests are not happy. They have become fretful at Geneva, and at Lausanne they are already gloomy. Then, life is complicated by the fact that these unaccountable guests will go dashing about from one conference to another at all hours of the day and night.

As a preliminary precaution, we read, "the Swiss police have taken complete control of this formerly free country and of all its hotels where any delegations are lodged. Russians are rigorously excluded."

Now Mr. Philip tells of the American girl and her $3,000. In addition:

There was the English woman at the Beau Rivage Hotel who summoned a hair-dresser for 9 o'clock on the morning the Reparations Conference started. He never arrived, and it was only later that she discovered the police had sternly refused to admit him to the hotel.

Another newspaper man from Paris was arrested when he went to get his press card, and was informed he must leave the country at once because there was a judgment against him. He protested vigorously that he had never been before the courts in Switzerland.

At once the police produced a *dossier*, and it took hours for the poor news man to explain he was not the same person, and only used the name of the man with a criminal record as a *nom de plume*, his real name being quite different.

Then there was the case of Chancellor von Papen of Germany. He slipt away to have a quiet, cooling swim at Ouchy, but he could not manage to go alone. A private body-guard had to go with him. The Chancellor even had to pay for the guard's entrance ticket to the bathing place.

Sorrowfully he looked at his shadow. "Do you intend to come swimming, too?" he asked, and heard with relief that the guard would be content to sit in the shade watching his charge disport himself alone in the lake.

Everywhere you encounter guards—silent men who seem to do nothing but smoke and play cards. They are armed plain-clothes police, guarding this, that, or the other magnifico. At times, suggests Mr. Philip in *The Times:*

It would seem to be a good idea for the Geneva conference to come to Lausanne and begin to do a little disarming right here.

These unfortunate policemen never know what their charges will do next. There was that evening when Hugh S. Gibson and Norman H. Davis tried to have a secret meeting with Mr. Herriot, at Morges.

What a complicated business that was. It was to have been entirely secret. Mr. Herriot had suggested that the Americans

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come to Lausanne. But that would have been incriminating. It might have been suggested in the United States that they were joining the Reparations Conference.

So a compromise was reached and the meeting was fixt for Morges, seven miles from Lausanne, at 10 o'clock at night.

Mr. Herriot left the Lausanne palace saying he was going to take a breath of air. The two American delegates—one almost writes conspirators—left Geneva secretly in a French delegation car.

When they arrived at the Hotel des Alpes at Morges they had a dreadful shock. Sitting there sipping his after-dinner coffee was the British press officer.

Huddled in his coat collar, Mr. Gibson slipt stealthily up to the room where Mr. Herriot was awaiting him. All was well. The midnight conference was over.

Silently they slipt away, Mr. Herriot back to Lausanne and Mr. Gibson and Mr. Davis back to Geneva. The whole Swiss Secret Service breathed a sigh of relief.

All the conspirators believed their secret was safe. They were mistaken. That very morning it was duly announced in the New York *Times*. As conspirators, diplomats are not very successful, and they certainly give a lot of unnecessary trouble to the conscientious Swiss police.

It seemed ironical that the final tableau in a fireworks display at the lakeside should have represented a white figure of Peace. Since Julius Cæsar burned the bridge over the Rhone to prevent the Helvetii from leaving the country, there has seldom been such turmoil and confusion as along the shores of Lac Léman.

Spies and Firing Squads Still Hitting a War-Time Pace

"CAMPHOR ICE," said the man in the Leningrad barber shop when the barber asked what he'd have on his face after a shave.

The customer (let's call him Customer Number One) spoke perfect Russian, without a trace of accent.

A man in a near-by chair (he'll be Customer Number Two), who was waiting for his turn with the barber, rose quickly, according to William C. White in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine.

"Let me see your identification card," he demanded of Customer Number One.

The card, produced, showed its owner to be a resident of Leningrad.

"How long have you lived in this city?"

"Ten years."

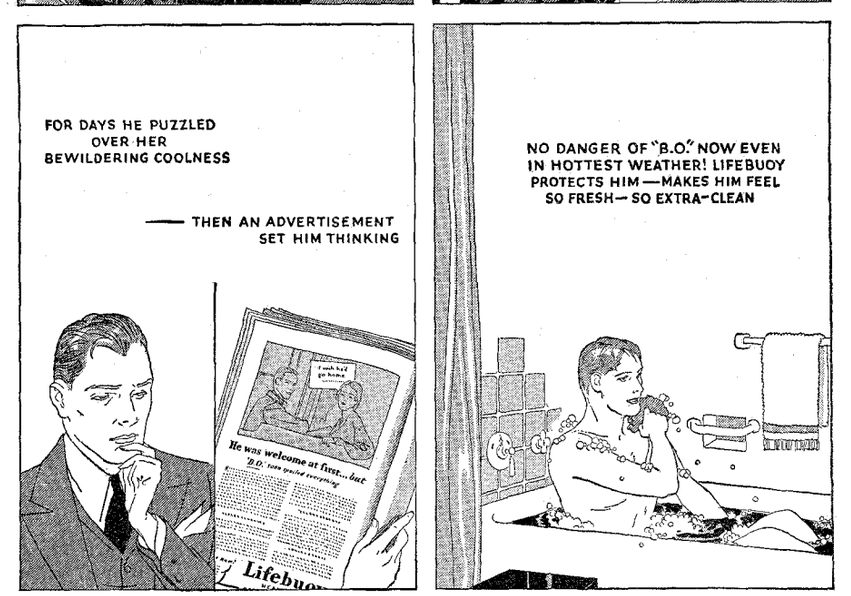
"Get your hat and coat and come with me," Customer Number Two commanded.

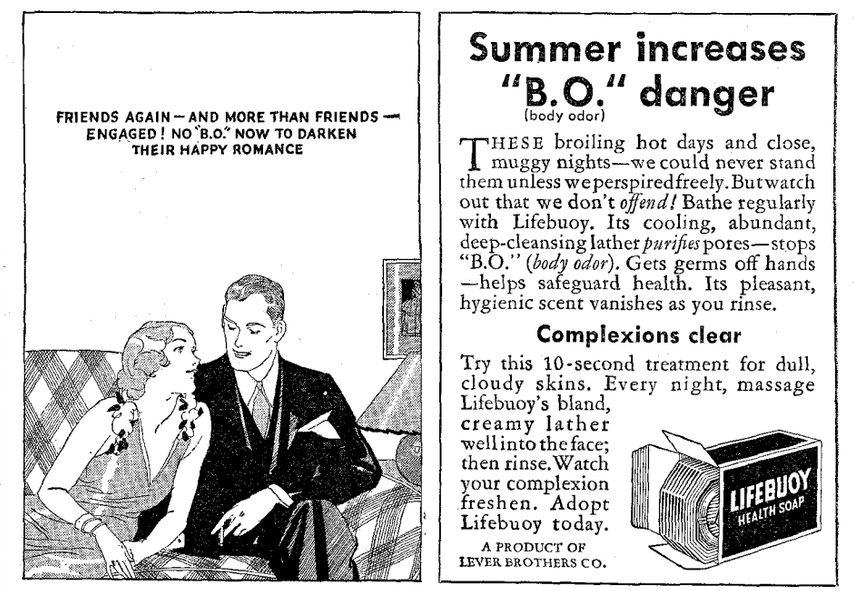
The identification card "was found to be forged," Mr. White continues, and four days later Customer Number One was shot as a spy from one of the Baltic countries.

And all, the writer concludes, "because he had asked for camphor ice, a common enough facial tonic in the Baltic States and in Russia, too, before the revolution—but one which disappeared from Russia after 1918!"

This story is one of several told by Mr.

SHE WAS THRILLED TO HAVE HIM CALL. EVERYTHING WAS LOVELY... AT FIRST!
THEN A SUDDEN STORM... WINDOWS HURRIEDLY CLOSED. THE ROOM GREW STUFFY ...AND SHE NOTICED SOMETHING UNPLEASANT


FOR DAYS HE PUZZLED OVER HER BEWILDERING COOLNESS
— THEN AN ADVERTISEMENT SET HIM THINKING
He was welcome at first... but
NO DANGER OF "B.O." NOW EVEN IN HOTTEST WEATHER! LIFEBUOY PROTECTS HIM—MAKES HIM FEEL SO FRESH—SO EXTRA-CLEAN



Summer increases "B.O." danger
(body odor)

THESE broiling hot days and close, muggy nights—we could never stand them unless we perspired freely. But watch out that we don't *offend!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its cooling, abundant, deep-cleansing lather *purifies* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Complexions clear

Try this 10-second treatment for dull, cloudy skins. Every night, massage Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather well into the face; then rinse. Watch your complexion freshen. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

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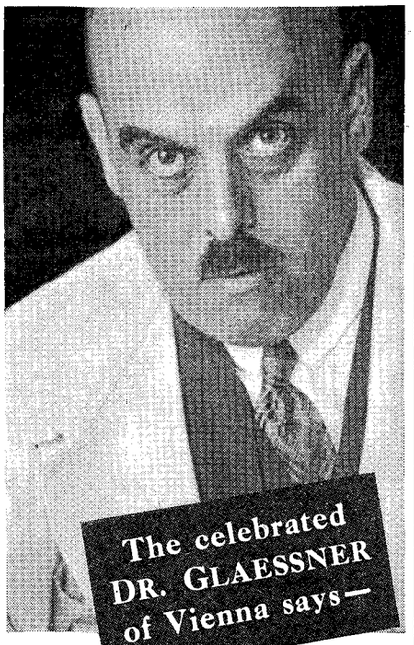

"CATHARTICS *weaken the Intestines*"

"IF you get to depending upon cathartics and laxative drugs, a destructive habit will quickly be established."

There is the opinion of a very famous physician . . . Dr. Karl Glaessner, chief of the clinic for internal diseases in a celebrated Vienna hospital. Dr. Glaessner says:—

"To overcome constipation, Nature has given us . . . fresh yeast.

"Yeast is a food, not a drug . . . It softens the accumulated waste matter in the intestines . . . and . . . restores normal action . . . The whole organism benefits greatly."

Here is the secret of yeast: It actually "tones" and strengthens the sluggish muscles of the intestines. Soon internal secretions revive . . . evacuations become normal. Poisons are promptly, regularly swept away.

And when this occurs, energy picks right up. Appetite returns. Better digestion, a clearer, fresher complexion are yours!

If you've never tried Fleischmann's Yeast, do so! Just eat 3 cakes a day. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains and directions are on the label. Won't you start?

"My doctor said my poor complexion was due to a sluggish system," *writes* Mrs. Herbert Fredericks, *Staten Island, N. Y.* "He recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. My skin cleared up and I felt much better . . . There's nothing like it."

IMPORTANT! **Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors advise.**

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White to illustrate the prevalence of espionage systems throughout Europe today. Perhaps this prevalence explains the vigilance of the Swiss police at the Lausanne Conference, described in another article in this issue.

One night last month "a closed car dashed through the quiet streets of the Polish town of Tschev. The driver swung into the road that leads to Danzig. Beside him were another young man and a woman," Mr. White tells us as he launches into another anecdote:

She was Majewska, a dancer, known and cheered in all the night clubs of Warsaw. Now, on this ride, she clung to a little bag, nervously, worriedly, frequently looking behind.

Danzig—three miles away—and freedom there from the Polish police!

The frontier lights showed ahead, and the car slowed down. Instead of sleepy guards, a group of army officers sprang from the frontier station—and Majewska and her friends had taken their last ride but one. That last ride came three days later—to a stone wall and a firing squad.

For several months the Polish Secret Service had been receiving discouraging news from Soviet Russia. One by one Polish agents there, men who had "worked" in Russia for long years, were being discovered—and shot. The Soviet counter espionage system seemed to have developed second sight—or had they been furnished with a list of the Polish spies in Poland?

The latter seemed more likely, and investigation showed that four Polish officers, together with Majewska, were selling to the Russians information that led to the death of Polish agents. The little black bag which Majewska was trying to get into Danzig offered final proof.

Thus another set of spies trapt, another revelation of treachery where loyalty was taken for granted—and another firing squad on a chilly dawn.

EMBASSIES are obliged to exercise particular care lest their secrets leak out, either through guile or carelessness. Attachés figure in some sensational tales. For example:

The disappearance of the Italian code book from the embassy in Berlin, in 1929, made a sensational tale.

A number of countries, particularly Jugo-Slavia, France, and Russia, were keen to possess this code book. An attaché named Garbeccio had charge of the book and kept it under lock and key. Garbeccio had a secretary, a middle-aged Italian woman—faithful, hardworking, but weary of having to work so hard. She was approached by two Jugo-Slavian agents, and after several weeks agreed to produce the code. She waited for a Saturday, since the code probably would not be needed over the weekend.

Then she had a bright idea. Jugo-Slavia, a poor country, was paying her a large sum of money for the code; why wouldn't a French agent pay a still higher price? So she got in touch with a secretary in the French embassy, and he was delighted.

On a convenient Saturday, she took the code book from the embassy, and the Frenchman photographed it. She then went to the Jugo-Slavs and they, too, made a copy. She alone knew there were two customers.

Early Monday morning she went to the embassy to return the code book. And there, looking as if he had been working all night, sat Garbeccio, trying to decode a pile of cables before him. The code book had been missed.

The secretary was frantic, but Garbeccio said nothing to the woman that day or at any other time. He had reported the theft to the Ambassador, but fearing punishment from Mussolini, they kept the whole matter quiet. Garbeccio's secretary burned the code book and some time afterward resigned from the embassy.

From May until the end of September, the French and the Jugo-Slavian governments read every Italian Foreign Office cable and telegram that fell into their hands, and the Foreign Office was none the wiser. But in the autumn, Rome learned for the first time that the Berlin book had been stolen.

Developments came fast. Mussolini dismissed the entire embassy staff in Berlin, from Ambassador to footmen, and sent some of them to Lipari, cheerless island of exile.

A CITIZEN who sells his country's secrets to a foreign nation, and is caught, often faces a firing squad even in peace times. In the case of Army officers, death is practically inevitable. Mr. White cites certain cases:

Such was the procedure last July when Major Dembowsky of the Polish Army was arrested as he opened the house gate of the Soviet Embassy in Warsaw. He and the suit-case he clutched so nervously were hustled into a car and hurried to the Polish War Office. There the suit-case was opened and from it poured a roll of documents—the entire mobilization plans of the Polish Army, showing exactly what that Army would do in event of war between Poland and the Soviet Union. A few days later, after court martial, Major Dembowsky was shot.

An incident somewhat similar to this occurred in Prague several years ago. An officer in the Czecho-Slovakian Army hurried to the Prague airfield one morning, rushing to catch the Berlin plane. He was noticeably excited. He caught the plane, but in his haste and excitement left a small attaché-case behind. Attendants at the field opened the case to discover its owner—and when the officer returned by the next plane to get the case, he walked into the arms of the police and, a little later, to a wall before a firing squad. In September last year, likewise, the Poles executed a corporal in their army for selling secrets to the Lithuanians.

Stories of Soviet espionage figure large among the tales which go round Europe, but very little is said of European espionage in Soviet Russia. In some ways it is the most difficult of all countries (barring, perhaps, Japan) for foreign systems to operate in. Every European city has its group of foreigners, retired gentlemen of wealth, business representatives, students, workmen, and even some unemployed. And a spy can settle down among them without exciting undue attention. The central figure of the German espionage system in England before the war was a little German tailor, living in the poorest part of London.

But Soviet Russia has virtually no foreign colonies in its cities; it offers no place for private business, for agencies of foreign firms, for retired gentlemen, for any of the hundred subterfuges that espionage agents adopt in other lands. Agents who would reside in Moscow must think of new excuses.

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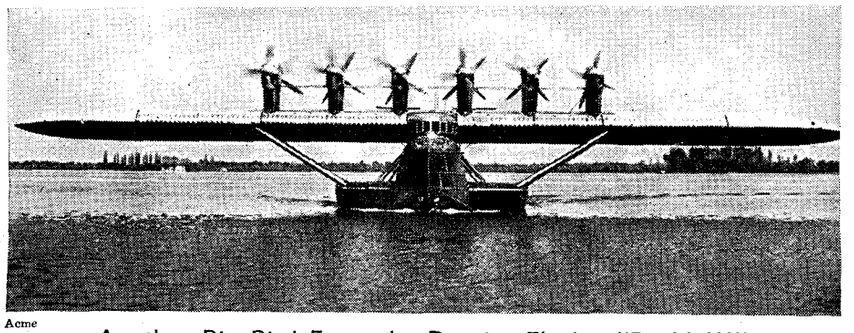
A New Member of the "Do-X" Family

THE queen of the air has a rival. The *Do-X*, which has ruled aviation for several years, has her nose out of joint, according to a Berlin dispatch to *The American Weekly*.

She now is rivaled by "a new sister, the *Do-X III*, just as big and powerful as she is. This ship, now going through her trial tests on Lake Constance, between Germany and Switzerland, soon will go into transatlantic service, probably between Germany and South American ports." Reading on:

The sister to the *Do-X*, which made a flight to this country last summer, may even steal stellar honors from her older relative because she has certain improvements and refinements which have been perfected since the older ship was constructed.



Acme

Another Big Bird From the Dornier Flock—"Do-X III"

This new giant flying-yacht has twelve motors, each of which develops more than 625 horse-power. These engines will send the huge man-made bird through the air at a speed of close to 150 miles an hour.

The machine is 131 feet long, and its big wings have a spread of 152 feet.

A few years ago, when the science of aviation was young, few people would have believed that such a huge ship could get off the ground, or the water.

But the *Do-X*, according to the men who sit at her controls, certainly is not much more trouble to handle than a single-seater plane, and that it is no trick for the yacht to skim over the surface of a lake, or a harbor, and soar gracefully and steadily into the air with 170 people aboard her.

THE interior of the sister ship of the *Do-X* is the last word in luxury, the *American Weekly* writer tells us, continuing:

The deck for passengers—there are three decks on the ship—is seventy-eight feet long and about ten feet wide. The seats in the cabin are on the order of those in a Pullman car. In the daytime they serve as seats, and at night they can be converted into comfortable beds.

Just forward of this cabin is a smoking-room, finished in mahogany panels and fitted with deep-cushioned chairs for the comfort of men—and women—passengers. And adjacent to this room, way in the boat-like nose of the ship, is a real bar with a rail and everything.

Altho the new plane can lift 170 persons, it is not planned to take more than seventy passengers on a voyage. That many people can travel in her comfortably, and have plenty of room for themselves and their luggage. In addition to these passengers, the ship will carry a crew of ten men.

The radio-room of the big bird is equipped with both long- and short-wave sets capable of sending and receiving messages from Europe and the Americas at all times, even in mid-ocean.

THAT there is not a great deal of difference in size between the two big planes is apparent when we look back in the files for data on the size of the *Do-X*. We find these figures:

Passenger capacity—100. Has carried 169 as a test.

Wing spread—158 feet.

Overall length—131 feet, 4 inches.

Empty weight—61,000 pounds.

Gross flying weight—105,000 pounds.

Number of motors—12.

Another member of the gigantic *Do-X* trio, the *Do-X II*, was built for Italy and flown over the Alps to her home last summer.

When You're Sorry You Mailed That Letter

If, in a moment of artificial bravado or pensive dream, you should mail a letter which, come morning, you are sorry you mailed, there is a regulation way of getting it back. I am told that an average of two letters a day are thus recalled in Manhattan and the Bronx. By the Monroe Doctrine, or something like that, one's letter belongs to one until the sender gets it in his hands. That's a post-office rule.

Here, then, is what you do. Readdress a second envelop, a duplicate of the first, and rush to Room 224 at the Central Post-office. This is the office of the Assistant Postmaster. Give the man your facsimile envelop and ask for Form 1509. Fill it in. It asks nothing more personal than your name, we understand.

The post-office promptly gets in touch with the substation of the district to which your letter has been sent and with the carrier who naturally would deliver it.

You then go home and wait for notification that the letter has been recalled, whereupon you go down and claim it. Letters to distant points are wired or even cabled for, and the sender must pay for this, but for letters within the city there is no charge.

I thought you'd like to know.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

FUL-VUE BIFOCALS

IT'S hard enough to hit a golf ball without having it seem to move as you look at it through old-style bifocals. How annoying it is to grope for the first step when you start up or down stairs or to have things seem to jump as you glance at them.

The new Ful-Vue Bifocals are a great improvement in correcting this annoyance. Things don't jump when you look at them through Ful-Vue Bifocals. You don't have to get used to them.

Check up on your eyesight today. You may be straining your eyes as you read this message. HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED. Go to an expert whose professional training, skill and experience will assure you of the thorough examination your eyes deserve.

Careful fitting of your glasses, too, is vitally important to your comfort and appearance. Glasses, particularly bifocals, should be literally custom-fitted to your facial contours.

Don't skimp on eyes and glasses. The best is none too good when it comes to eyesight.

We should like to send you, without cost, an illustrated and important booklet, "What You Should Know About Your Glasses." It will help you. Mail the coupon.

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Dept. L4, Southbridge, Mass.
Without charge or obligation, please send me the booklet, "What You Should Know About Your Glasses."

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Address_____

City_____ State_____

The name of the man who fits my glasses is

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Sports Parks for National Health

GERMANY HAS THEM, millions of acres of them; and the Versailles treaty, which has been blamed for many an ill in this post-war world, can possibly be credited with this good result.

T. R. Ybarra explains it in the New York *Times* Magazine.

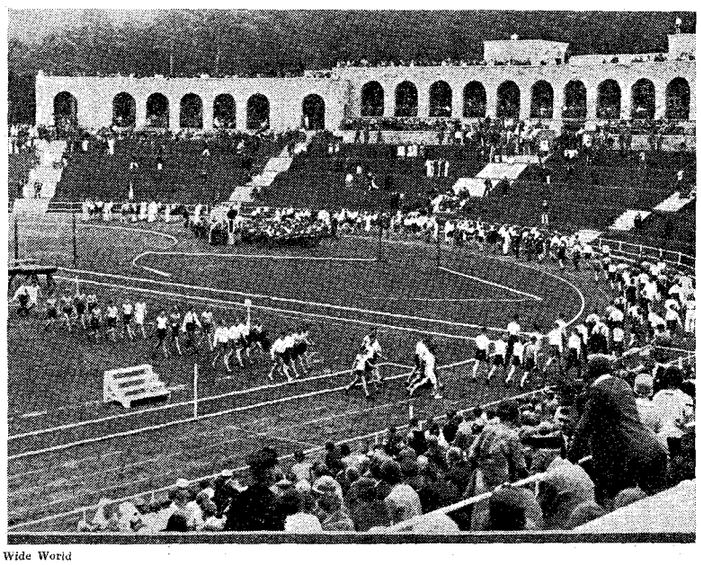
Before the war the young men of Germany received their physical training during their periods of compulsory military service. But now, since Germany's standing Army, under the terms of the treaty, is cut down, these young men (who have been joined by their sisters and their cousins and their aunts) are turning with fervor to health-building games.

German cities apparently recognize the value of this turn to sports, and are setting aside large tracts of land and equipping them for almost every variety of athletic diversion.

The number of sports clubs is growing, and their memberships are swelling. This turn to athletics is attracting world-wide attention.

To study the German plan, says an editorial note in *The Times*, "the Park Association of New York this summer plans to send a representative designated by Nathan Straus, Jr., President of the Association, abroad, under the auspices of the Oberlander Trust of Philadelphia, with the aim that some ideas put into effect in Germany may be applied in New York."

Outlining what German cities have done in this direction, Mr. Ybarra writes in *The Times:*



Wide World

Sport for Sportsmen, Not for Spectators

German competitions often find more people on track and field than in the grandstands, as was the case at this festival at Frankfurt-am-Oder.

Athletic organizations which, before the war, possest only a limited number of members, saw their membership swelled to enormous proportions.

Games that had never before had real popularity in Germany suddenly gained the interest of thousands of youths. Tennis and rugby and association football began to be played all over the land, bringing thousands into competition with one another instead of the mere hundreds who had played these games before the war.

And, of course, this sudden enthusiasm for athletics necessitated the laying-out of grounds for the use of the new athletic army.

So popular has physical training become among Germans since the close of the war, that the stadium with its accommodation for spectators is now merely one of numerous features in the post-war conception of the function of sport, and sports parks, in which not onlookers but participants are encouraged.

Instead of building more stadia—Germany now has 125 of them—important organizations, efficiently backed by the Government, now concentrate on increasing the number of sports parks in the country.

These are tracts of land, some of them of great area, which combine spaces for all kinds of sports—football fields, tennis-courts, swimming-pools, bicycle race-tracks, polo fields, golf-links, etc.

Last, but not least, many of them also include a *Wiese*, or field, especially set aside for children.

There boys and girls, too young to indulge in organized forms of sport, can romp to their hearts' content; or if they prefer, they can play at playing the games of their elders subject to rules of their own invention.

Many of these parks of the new type also have pavilions like those which attracted the attention of Mr. Straus when he was in Germany last summer. At these, parents accompanying children can, for a penny or two, procure pots, plates and hot water for use with the food which they bring from their homes, thus reducing to a mere trifle the expense of a healthful day in the open air.

So fast has the sports-park plan spread that, at present, ninety-two German cities of more than 50,000 population have some up-to-date form of such a park.

THE surprizing growth of sports clubs since the war is shown strikingly by these figures:

Recent statistics showed that there were in Germany sixty-three associations devoted to the fostering of physical exercise, comprising 87,000 clubs, with a membership of nearly 9,000,000, as against a total for 1914, just before the outbreak of the World War, of forty-seven such associations, comprising 40,000 clubs, with 3,000,000 members.

Thus, in post-war Germany, the number of persons enrolled in regular organizations for promoting physical fitness and cultivating sports is now three times as great as in prewar Germany.

Among these organizations the biggest and best are: German Gymnastic Union with about 13,000 clubs and a membership of more than 1,500,000; German Football Union (7,000 clubs, 875,000 members); German Sporting Association for Light Athletics (5,500 clubs, 625,000 members); Union for German Juvenile Strength (4,500 clubs, 700,000 members), and the Workers' Gymnastics and Sports Federation.

These organizations, together with others affiliated with them, are concentrated under the authority of two leading bodies: the German National Committee for Physical Exercise (nearly 7,000,000 members, 66,000 clubs) and the Central Committee for Workers' Sports and Physical Culture (more than 1,300,000 members, 1,500 clubs).

FROM the picture on this page it is evident that German athletes still march like soldiers. Of Cologne's sports park—one of the most famous—we are told:

It comprises an area of about 170 acres; including its several extensions it forms one continuous green open space of about 600 acres.

Within this huge enclosure separate spaces are provided for a variety of sports. Each of these spaces is enclosed by embankments, separated from one another by shrubbery and gardens. To preserve a parklike aspect the earth embankments have been designed with steps cut into them. These, covered with soft grass, are the bleachers for spectators, instead of the usual concrete benches.

Within the sports park are a main tournament enclosure, a cycle track, a field for heavy athletics, a field for light athletics, grounds for riding competitions, a swimming pool, and numerous tennis-courts.

There is also an eleven-acre playing-field for sports in general, a twenty-five-acre special field for athletic displays, and large spaces for sun and open-air baths.

Tho Cologne's athletic plant is bigger than anything of the kind elsewhere in Germany, other German cities can point to sports parks within their limits which even the celebrated city on the Rhine does not surpass.

Foremost among these are Nuremberg, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Dortmund and Hamburg. Berlin, the capital, and most populous of German cities, tho it distinguished itself soon after the war by building the first modern stadium in the land, has lagged behind smaller German cities in providing sports-park facilities.

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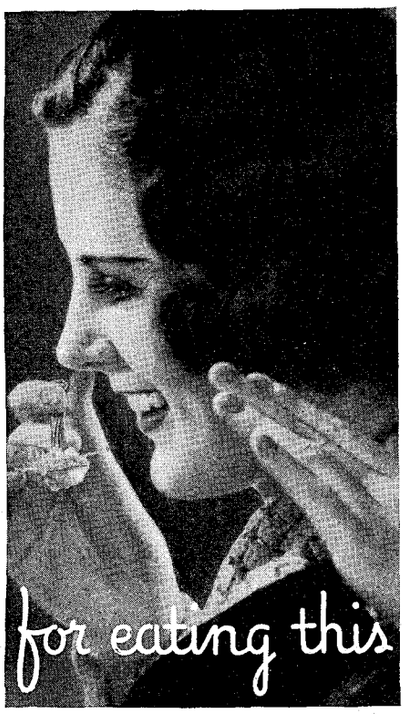
PAT YOURSELF



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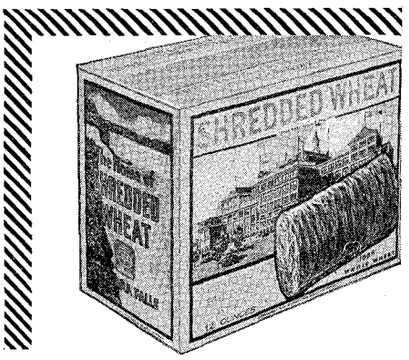

SHREDDED WHEAT

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Canning the Lyre-Bird's Wild Vaudeville Program

THE sound-apparatus was hidden in a hollow log. The conspirators, ambushed at a safe distance to windward, hardly breathed.

One of the shyest creatures in nature is also one of the most entertaining. The Australian lyre-bird, which looks like a cousin of the pheasants and peacocks, has histrionic talents that put both those beautiful but raucous orators in the shade. As a writer in the Manchester *Guardian* tells us, the lyre-bird "has not only a wide natural repertoire of musical notes, but is the greatest mimic in the bird kingdom. Every sound of native bird and beast in his region he mimics exactly; every sound brought to his hearing by encroaching civilization he reproduces, too." Thus:

The teeth of the circular-saw rushing through the sappy eucalyptus logs of the bush-timber mill, the crack of the bullock-driver's whip (some say the bullock-driver's language, too), the clank of chains and of hobbles, tinkle of horse and cattle-bells, jarring of wagon-brakes—all these and many more of the sounds of a bush settlement the lyre-bird gives with fidelity.

Not only is he a singer and mimic by nature, but he is one of the most graceful dancers in existence. His performances embrace the whole gamut of movement, from the smooth legato of the minuet and waltz to the quick staccato rhythms of modern jazz. Like most other dancers, he dresses for his performance. In his case dressing consists in unfurling his splendid tail.

UNTIL recently, this writer tells us at the outset of his article, few Australians other than dwellers in the remote bush, could boast of having seen or heard a lyre-bird. However:

Now, the varied music of one at least of these wonderful creatures has been heard in far places, and by thousands to whom the bush is but a name.

A nature-lover, who lives in a thick belt of primeval eucalyptus forest about forty miles from Melbourne, succeeded in "potting" the notes of a lyre-bird so that distant listeners on the wireless were able to hear the remarkable performance.

This was a feat, for the bird is the shyest of all bush creatures, so shy that the slightest sound sends him to cover in the deep fastnesses of his haunts. But even timidity was tricked by the new apparatus. The wireless receiver placed in a hollow log gave the singer no idea of a human audience.

It is even more remarkable that the shyness of another lyre-bird, whose home is in a gully of the Dandenongs, has been overcome so that he will perform in full sight of a human audience.

A year or two ago a lady, who is a great nature-lover, built a beautiful rustic cottage in the deep bush near the Blacks' Spur. Soon after she was established there a young male lyre-bird began to appear at early morning in her garden. Lyre-birds are fond of worms and grubs, and amongst loose earth their sharp-toed feet readily provide these dainties. It was while a lyre-bird was on one of these foraging expeditions that the owner of the

ON THE BACK

amount of bran that Nature provided.

Shredded Wheat costs little. Twelve *full-sized* biscuits in each package. Quickly served in many appetizing ways.

Listen to *yourself* and try this sensible everyday treat. At your grocer's . . . and in clubs, hotels, dining-cars and restaurants everywhere.

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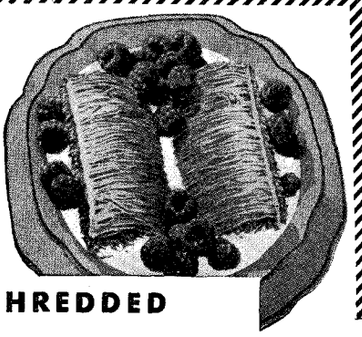

SHREDDED WHEAT

The natural energy food

ALL THROUGH THE YEAR

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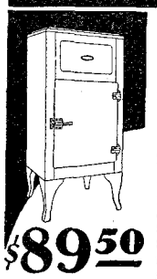

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garden first heard his music, and she at once resolved to gain his confidence.

Very carefully she proceeded in the task of breaking down the lyre-bird's shyness. A false step, a too swift approach, and "James," as she had named him, would have found another breakfast-table. Not for some time did the visitor allow any familiarity, but finally perseverance won. Appetite appeased, the bird began to give his morning performance in full sight of his human friend.

"James," we are assured, is one of the most accomplished dancers that ever ascended a platform. Concerning which we learn that—

The "platform" of the lyre-bird's theater is a mound, but this particular bird has come to welcome a human audience and a more solid stage. Formerly, no doubt, he had a goodly feathered audience, for all the birds of the gullies, including the hens of his own kind, assemble when the male lyre-bird begins to perform. But "James" gives his best in these after-breakfast dances in the garden of his human friend, and gives it to as many as may be watching from window or veranda.

He will even come back at call of his friend, and repeat part or the whole of his entertainment. Sometimes he will even *mount the veranda, and there perform,* his glorious tail proudly spread, glowing iridescent in the morning sunlight. He is consciously proud of his beauty and of his genius.

Dumping Senator Clark's Pipe-Organ in a Swamp

DO you remember way back when the late Senator Clark of Montana installed a $100,000 pipe-organ in his $7,500,000 home on Fifth Avenue in New York?

And did you ever wonder what became of the organ when Anthony Campagna razed the residence and raised an apartment house in its place?

Well, here's the story.

The organ was sold for a cigar and is now helping to keep one spot in Queens Borough, New York, from being a swamp.

The tale is told in the New York *Herald Tribune,* where we read:

Campagna gave the house to big Edward Walsh, building wrecker, and paid him in addition $250,000 to cart away the famous dwelling. The organ was included in the deal.

The idea came to Campagna one night as he sat at home that he might like that organ for his own house or for installation in some church, so he diffidently approached Walsh with a proposal that he sell him the instrument.

"I understand," said the builder as he introduced the deal, "that the contract I made with you does not give me the organ, but I have a notion I should like to have it. What will you take for it?"

Campagna had expected that the wrecker would demand $5,000, and was prepared to pay a few thousand dollars for the instrument, but to his great surprize Walsh boomed out in a voice that echoed through the marble halls of the old house, "Campagna, you can have the organ if you'll give me a cigar."

He got the cigar, but Campagna dis-

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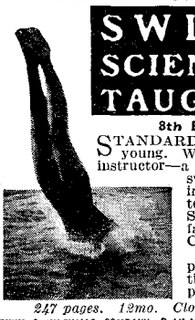

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covered that the organ was built especially for the Clark house, and could not be satisfactorily installed elsewhere, so it was raked down with mortar and brick, and to-day the great organ of the Senator's is buried under tons of débris used to fill in a swamp in Queens.

Taking Football Off the Air

NO fireside football for American fans this fall.

Crooners will replace forward-passers on the air, in line with recent action taken by the Eastern Intercollegiate Association.

Games played by members of the association, and under association jurisdiction, will not be broadcast.

Blame Ol' Man Depression, grid fans!

The association hopes by means of this ban on radio to bring more of you to the ticket window.

Only Penn State was absent from the meeting at which the rule was passed by representatives of the institutions involved, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, the voting members being Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Brown, Pittsburgh, United States Naval Academy, United States Military Academy, Columbia, Syracuse, and Dartmouth.

Broadcasting of principal games is held responsible not only for lessening the attendance at those contests, this journal continues, "but for holding at home sports enthusiasts who might otherwise attend lesser and near-by games. Radio accounts of football games have been in effect for about eight years. In that time, according to members of the committee, they have proved conclusively that the gate receipts have been lowered. During the banner years of sell-outs broadcasts were held to be an additional service to alumni and supporters of the institutions affected, but now that 'every sign indicates that next fall there will be few if any sell-outs,' the only active governing board of amateur sports in the colleges holds that a halt must be called."

Maj. Philip B. Fleming of West Point, president of the Association, explained the change. He is quoted thus by *The Herald Tribune:*

"Football is the only game in college programs from which any substantial revenue is derived, and with which the institutions may hope to balance their athletic budgets. We must keep in mind that other sports must be maintained. These athletic activities, ranging from ten to fifteen sports at various schools, play their parts in the physical development of American youth. In order to keep every sport alive, we must take advantage of every opportunity to increase the financial receipts of football games."

The only exceptions made in the adopted ruling of the committee are when members play at the stadia of non-members. In this case the decision will be left entirely to the home teams.

"This action may result in charges of commercialism," Major Fleming's statement concluded. "As that sport is the only one producing the necessary money to support our inclusive athletic programs, we must take steps necessary to derive all the financial benefits possible.

"In common with every other activity in the United States, the revenue act of 1932, placing taxes on admissions to football games, will further affect the attendance. In addition to this, college athletics of every nature will be affected materially through the increased taxes on athletic equipment.

"No sane American would like to see curtailed such activities as baseball, basketball, crew, boxing, and the other physical-development programs. It is therefore essential that we take the necessary steps to maintain them."

APPROXIMATELY half of every major football schedule was sent over the air last season, it is pointed out, as the account runs on:

Six of West Point's ten games and all of its major games were broadcast by at least one chain. Other universities permitted almost the same percentage. The failure to fill the stadium at most of the games, or even to approach the figures of previous years, led members of the committee to express themselves in unqualified terms as to the damage done by permitting detailed broadcasts during the game.

The Eastern Intercollegiate Association was established six years ago as the Eastern Association for the Selection of Football Officials. Two years later it began to assume other duties, and its present name was adopted.

Gradually the association came to supervise all details of intercollegiate sport, but with particular reference to football. Active delegates to the committee principally are directors of athletics or graduate managers of the member colleges.

With the association's committee of twelve are affiliated eighty-three of the East's most prominent institutions, which are in no way bound by the rulings of the committee, but precedent points to their acceptance of decisions. Among these affiliates are New York University, Columbia, College of the City of New York, Fordham, Manhattan, Wesleyan, Williams, Amherst, Holy Cross, Georgetown, Catholic University, Worcester, Polytechnic, Carnegie, and Maryland.

WHETHER the anti-radio drive will be continued remains a question as we write. Under a Chicago date-line, the Associated Press reports:

Maj. John L. Griffith, Western Conference Athletic Commissioner, said athletic directors of member institutions also were unanimously in favor of banning broadcasting of football games.

Major Griffith said sentiment throughout the Middle West favored the step for the same reason that actuated the Eastern group to take action, adding the question would be considered at the National Collegiate Athletic Association meeting at Pasadena, California, July 28-29.

Farming With a Can-Opener.—"What is the difference between a practical and theoretical farmer?"

"A theoretical farmer," answered Farmer Corntossel, "is one that insists on tryin' to make a livin' off the farm, an' a practical one jes' faces the inevitable an' turns the place over to summer boarders."—*Washington Evening Star.*

"I want to shoot at this one"

MRS. SMYTHE wants to take a crack at that foul old pipe her husband insists on smoking regardless of the quality of the guests.

She doesn't object to pipes in general. She really loves a pipe for both its aroma and its manliness. But men should smoke mild tobacco in a well-organized pipe. Sir Walter enters and bows modestly. His mild blend of rare Kentucky Burleys never offended the most austere dowager. Yet it satisfies the most manly of men with its full-bodied richness. It's a favorite.

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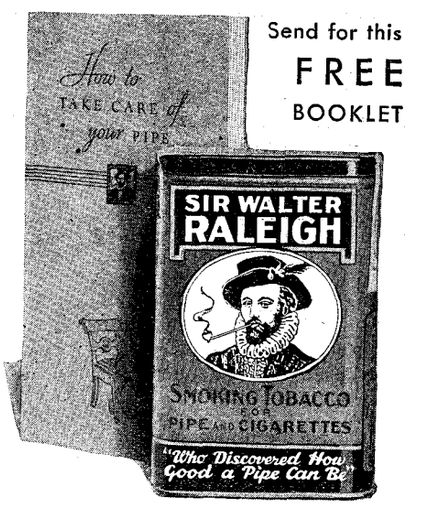

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Railroad Stocks in the Bargain Basement

EVERYBODY KNOWS what the stock market thinks about railroad prospects as railway traffic and revenues keep on dwindling.

But perhaps amid all the gloom some bargains are eluding the eye of the thrifty fortune-hunters.

Investment opinion is sharply divided on the future status of railroad securities, cagily remarks the investment authority of *Barron's Weekly*, as he starts in to tell an inquiring investor something about the railroad outlook.

On the one hand, "some maintain that the great majority of roads will have no difficulty in supporting their present capital structures under anything like normal traffic conditions, and that the economies realized during the past two years will, at least in part, be retained, as business becomes more active."

And, then, taking the opposite view, many "hold to the belief that a greater recovery in traffic than can logically be expected for a number of years will be necessary to restore the credit of the industry to a level where financing can be accomplished on reasonable terms."

And it is also being pointed out that "new capital going into the industry is for improvements which are largely non-productive, or, at best, serve only to retain existing traffic from competitive transportation agencies."

Because of the present unpopularity of railroad stocks, the writer in *Barron's* thinks that any new financing will have to be done with bonds, and this will increase fixt charges which, in many instances, are already burdensome. And this will also mean that for some years to come railroads will be paying smaller dividends than hitherto in order to reinvest more of their earnings in their properties.

Besides, working capital is being sadly depleted, and a number of roads are piling up debts to banks or the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. These debts will have to be paid or refunded before dividends can come back, thinks our writer. Of course, improvement in gross business will sharply increase earnings on common stocks, but at the same time "an increase in traffic will necessitate increased expenditures for maintenance, so that the recovery in equity earnings may be at a more sober pace than would otherwise be expected." Moreover, the wage-reduction agreement with the Brotherhoods runs only to next February, and while it may be extended, "the Brotherhoods will probably demand the restoration of the old wage scale as soon as railroad earnings begin to increase."

AND now let us turn to a more cheerful argument which starts off by suggesting that some real bargains in railroad securities are "sliding by the wayside." Several good reasons for believing that the bargain-hunter should give careful consideration to railroad stocks and bonds are offered as follows in the editorial columns of *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* (New York):

First of all, the service of the railways was never as good as in 1931, nor, considering the conditions, was the efficiency of their operations ever greater. They are getting more daily work out of their locomotives and distinctly more mileage out of their freight-cars. The average number of cars per freight-train has increased, altho because of an average decline in car-loading, the average number of tons per train has declined. The average number of miles per freight-train in 1931 set a new high record. The consumption of coal per 1,000 gross ton-miles set a new high record. The gross ton-miles per train-hour, which is one of the foremost efficiency factors, showed an increase of 4 per cent. for the year 1931, when compared with 1930, and this was true in spite of the decline in traffic. In other words, transportation is now being conducted by our railways more skilfully than ever before.

Second, when considering the unemployment situation at the present moment, railway labor conditions are now more satisfactory than they have been in years. The employees have become as much concerned about the effects of competition upon their employment as have railway executives regarding its effects upon traffic. The general testimony is that despite the present movement for the six-hour day, the majority of employees have a friendly spirit toward their work and toward their company. This was clearly manifested during the recent negotiations for the 10 per cent. wage cut which was finally accepted by the employees.

Third, the present public sentiment toward the railways is unprecedentedly favorable. A large part of the public realizes that the railways have been badly treated; that their present position is serious, and that constructive measures must be adopted to improve it.

Fourth, the recommended repeal of the "recapture clause" by the Interstate Commerce Commission has also become a constructive factor. Some of the stronger rails are particularly benefited by this news in view of the large surpluses they have built up. With the threat of having to pay part of their earnings to the contingent fund out of the way, they will be in a better position to pay dividends.

Fifth, refinancing to meet maturities promises not to be so embarrassing with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Railroad Credit Corporation both in a position to provide needed funds through government credit while private credit is so timorous.

Sixth, stock-market prices are, of course, determined by mob-psychology as well as by actual and prospective economic changes. The changes in prices of railway stocks that have occurred during the depression are, therefore, by no means beyond significance. New York Central stock has sold down to 11 against 256½ in August, 1929, but obviously the New York Central System is not going to disappear from the face of the earth.

Of course, distrust of railroad securities is natural enough in view of the shrinkage in railroad traffic and revenue, but "when business conditions begin to improve, railway traffic and earnings will improve in harmony with them just as they have done in the past," and the writer comes to the conclusion that "an upturn in the transportation field appears to be in the offing and must, in any case, eventuate sooner or later."

The Duke of Toledo's Tin Box

DON ALFONSO, DUKE OF TOLEDO. is no longer King of Spain, but apparently it will be some time before he has to go to work for a living.

A few days ago the Spanish Republic confiscated $3,000,000 of the personal fortune which Alfonso XIII left behind him when he lost his old job. In the palace safe, which corresponded to the American politician's tin box, was found the truly royal sum of $2,500,000 in cash and securities.

But let no one think that Don Alfonso left all his eggs in that Madrid basket. Months ago, the Minister of Finance made an inventory of the former King's fortune, and announced that more than 60 per cent. of his security holdings had been deposited in banks beyond the borders of Spain.

All this information, incidentally, is collected in a brief story in the New York *Times*. Something like $1,500,000 is reported to have been banked in London, and then it is remembered that after his deposition, Alfonso was able to spend $700,000 to buy a château at Fontainebleau. This looked as tho the King had been foresighted enough to make fairly heavy investments outside of his native land. Indeed—

It is known that before the World War the Spanish King carried on heavy transactions with London bankers. When Alexander Moore was American Ambassador to Spain it was also understood that he had recommended certain Wall Street purchases; if Don Alfonso still has these holdings he is no better off than many American investors. At all events, the Spanish Republican investigators found record that the former King had put $112,000 in Union Pacific Railroad stock. Other foreign investments were Argentine Government bonds, Shell Transport Company, Rio Tinto Mines, and the Wagon-Lits Company.

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The Chicago Bank Failures

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN," he began, addressing a nervous crowd of depositors, "my name is Traylor, the chief executive of this bank at this time. Naturally, I am delighted to see so many of our customers here, but I am really sorry that they are afraid of me."

But if those Chicagoans had been afraid, their fears were quickly allayed when Melvin A. Traylor, president of the First National Bank and the First Union Trust and Savings Bank, finished his dramatic, impromptu speech.

He did not blame them for being alarmed, he said, in view of the four bank-closings that day, which brought to thirty-nine the total of bank disasters in June. But "enemies" had plotted a demonstration against his banks, two of the three largest in Chicago, he added. There was no cause for fear, and every customer who wished to could withdraw his funds.

The reaction was instant. The crowds thinned, and in less than an hour normalcy had been restored.

This dramatic incident, it appears, had a calming effect upon the general banking situation in Chicago, which admittedly had become alarming with a series of neighborhood banks going to the wall. Quoting a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

An epidemic of bank-closings in Chicago during the last two weeks has tied up millions of dollars, crippled scores of business concerns, and left thousands of depositors without funds for tax payments or the ordinary daily expenses. One result has been heavy runs on the old, established institutions in the Loop district, people withdrawing their savings and putting the money in safety-deposit vaults, or spending it at once.

The hysteria has been confined to the Chicago district and is due, primarily, to the failure of the twelve Bain banks. Disclosures at the trial of the Bains, now in progress, showed they loaned many thousands of dollars to relatives and political friends without security.

The total runs above $5,000,000, and but a trifle will be salvaged. Other banks had loaned money on buildings and other property in the Bain banks' territory, and these borrowers, losing all their funds, were unable to meet principal, interest, or tax payments. This reflected seriously on the banks issuing the mortgage bonds, and runs ensued.

"IN some quarters," writes Edward H. Collins in *The Herald Tribune*, "there was a tendency to question the judgment of directors of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in permitting such closings at this time, in view of the good work that has been done in restoring the confidence of the country in its banking system. Even such localized failures as those in Chicago, it was pointed out, are disturbing and give rise to renewed currency hoarding, which, in turn, tends to offset much of the advantage of the Federal Reserve's anti-deflationary program."

But Chicago bankers "were not surprized at the outbreak of small failures," says a dispatch to the New York *Times*, "altho the runs which followed upon the larger Loop banks caused deep concern until they dried up"—

The weakness of the Chicago banking situation, according to New York bankers, arose out of the provisions of the Illinois banking law, which prohibited branch banks, even within city limits.

As a result of this prohibition, none of the strong Chicago banks was able to serve a wide area as do the big New York banks, but instead Chicago and its environs were peppered with small neighborhood banks, with insufficient resources and ability to meet the long drain of the financial crisis. In the fall of 1929 there were 225 banks in Chicago. Now there are about sixty.

It was recognized months ago that many of the small banks in that district would have to close their doors.

"Experience has shown," says the Chicago *Tribune* editorially, "that the down-town banks can survive conditions which destroy the small independents"—

The banking laws should be revised as soon as possible to permit the stronger institutions to establish branches at strategic points throughout the metropolitan area. The desire to foster small enterprises and to curb the growth of large ones is carried too far when it leads to the creation of unsound banks.

Why Dawes Sees Improvement

CRACKLING WORDS OF GOOD CHEER from the man who made "Hell and Maria" famous give this depression-worn country a thrill of optimism.

"I believe that we have reached the turning-point in the depression."

So declares Gen. Charles G. Dawes, explaining that recovery is beginning with the smaller business concerns, and his authority as a banker and retiring head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation sends a ripple of encouragement across the land. Instead of adding this statement to the long list of false prophecies on the return of prosperity, editors accept it as the opinion of a man who knows what he is talking about.

"General Dawes is a shrewd and competent observer," asserts the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "and when he says that 'we have reached the turning-point of the depression' his words will give much encouragement."

"General Dawes has never been an unreasoning optimist," adds *The Shoe and Leather Reporter* of Boston. "There is no man in public life who calls a spade a spade in such emphatic terms. It is therefore greatly encouraging to find him declaring that the depression in business is reaching its end."

In his statement sizing up the general business situation, General Dawes said:

It is the smaller business enterprises with low overhead expenses which seem to be showing improvement; but in time the larger ones will necessarily follow. The recovery in the depression will start from the bottom up, not from the top down. That is what experience shows.

For the real evidences of reaction we must look to the past attitude of our people, not to the shifting opinions of certain sections of it. For instance, I would attribute much more importance to the increases of electric-power consumption in the country during recent weeks than to stock or bond quotations. It is the average man and the average man's business which is the main factor in the situation. His business in the aggregate is enormous.

With the forced economies and reduced inventories in both our large and small enterprises which have been effected the last year, we need for profitable business in many lines no return to the prices of a few years ago, but only a moderate increase. The oil industry, for instance, is now demonstrating this.

In the general interests there must now be in government, State, and municipal administrations the same liquidation in expenditures which private enterprises have already effected.

Taxes must come down and this must result primarily from reduc d governmental expenditures, national, State, and municipal. That is essential to the full recovery of business.

"THE Dawes statement is important," points out the Albany *Evening News*, "because he has been in a position for the last several months to know intimately what is going on throughout the entire financial and business structure of the country."

"If any man in the United States," adds the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "should know how things are running in most businesses, he is General Dawes."

A Call for New Coins

OUR coinage is pretty well standardized now, and for many years we have seen no changes in the denominations of coins, and only occasional alterations in design. But the rapidity of which deflation has been proceeding suggests to the New York *Journal of Commerce* that "the time may be ripe for introducing a new type of minor coin with a denomination intermediate between that of the cent and the nickel":

The slot vending-machine, for instance, needs a coin of this sort; metal tokens for use on street-cars and public vehicles might also be dispensed with, in some cases, if a single coin could be used to make payment along with the five-cent piece. In museums and among private collections three-cent pieces and two-cent coins are on display—relics of days when the general level of prices was lower than at present. In view of recent sharp declines in prices, the desirability of reintroducing a greater variety of minor coins is at least worth consideration.

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

POETRY (Chicago) prints a group of some six poems out of more than fifty unpublished ones left by the late Vachel Lindsay. The following is one apropos to to-day:

TO A GIRL IN A SUN SUIT

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

What was the veil of Eve?
The mist before sunrise.
What was the veil of Eve?
The mist before rain.
What was the veil of Eve?
The shower in June.

What was the veil of our mother?
The mist in the stars eyes;
The tall wild grain
Ripening soon;
The dawn from the seas;
Hanging moss from the trees;
Then the shimmering, open,
Sea-beach noon;
Then the mist of the evening,
A green place entwining,
While the wind in the vine gave a tune.

What was the veil of Eve
That made the twilight complete?
The mist in her eyes
And the tears in the eyes of her lover,
Tall Adam, our young father,
Who fell on the ground
And held her dancing feet.

THESE poems from *The Loom* (Washington) were written by undergraduates of the American University. The little booklet is the annual publication of the Poetry Club there, and it seems one can concur in the judgment of Harold Golder of the English Department, that "the verse is more musical, more restrained, more healthy, more intelligent, more important than the verse of young writers is likely to be:

THE CHILD ALONE

BY NANCY HORTON

"The wind is a hungry beggar
Lurking at my door,
I see his white teeth flashing,
And his fingers search the floor.

"The gypsies in the backwoods
Are hungry too tonight,
And oh! their shrieks of laughter
Have frozen me with fright.

"I turn to the holy crucifix
And the candle's golden light—
But the beggar winds are calling
In the black and evil night.

"Oh Christ! you had to hang alone
On your cross with thieves about—
Keep my golden candle
From ever going out;

"For the wind is a hungry beggar
That lurks at my door tonight,
And the gypsies in the backwoods
Have lit their green shrub light."

I WISH I HAD A KITCHEN

BY MARGARET CROSS

I wish I had a kitchen
All shiny white and green—
A very little kingdom
Where I could reign as queen—

A pair of handy cupboards
Full of glowing pots and pans,
And room for flour and spices
In rows of little cans—

And a broad low window near, with
Ruffled curtains, trim and white
And a glorious red geranium
Stretching upward to the light—

I'd cook our meat and spinach
And make little cakes and such,
And even washing dishes
Wouldn't matter—very much!

TO MY MOTHER

BY ALICE LOUISE FORD

Once more the miracle of Spring is wrought
And all the sleeping earth is born anew,
Again the countless things beloved of you:
Soft rains of April; breath of south wind caught
In flowering tree; the lace of fairies fraught
By spider-magic and the matin dew;
Wee wood's anemone of dainty hue;
The quiet stars, by early twilight brought—
All lovely things are here, and you are gone.
Yet now you come again at Spring's rebirth
And we who see anew the silent dawn
Bringing to life all beauty of the earth,
Find you among us whom we lost awhile,
Feel once again the sunlight of your smile.

IF I SHOULD MEET YOU NOW

BY MARY DAUB

If I should meet you now
Upon the street,
Could I quite nonchalantly
Take your hand
And greet you with a smile?
If I should say,
"We're having lovely weather now,"
Could I drown out with those few words
The tortured crying of my heart,
Or would you hear it saying,
"And oh, it was a day like this—
Blue skies—bright trees—a sudden kiss—"
I think I wouldn't take the chance.
I'd cross the street.

THOSE who feel the need of some footnote to help in understanding O'Neill's play may take this for possible clue. In *The Economy Spectator* (Chicago):

THE MOURNING ELECTRA

BY E. O. LAUGHLIN

One recent night I was impelled to steal
With that adventurer, Eugene O'Neill,
Into a Heart, Ofttimes vicariously
I have voyaged forth on many a stormy sea;
With Byrd, the indomitable, have flown
Across the age-bleak, weird antarctic zone;
And I have braved the wildest jungle lair,
Here, in my study chair.
With Beebe, too, I have quite often, thus,
Bearded the slimy, snake-armed octopus,
And I have crept through sunless caverns where
Schools of blind, godless, grotesque fishes were.

Lavinia Mannon, pallid, prideful maid,—
Electra's spectre, never to be laid.
Colder and harder was the heart of her
Than any frozen frowning barrier;
And darker in its hidden depths, by far,
Than blackest subterranean caverns are.

Thin-lipped, high-cheeked, relentless, fearing naught,
Scorning all men, Lavinia Mannon thought
To avenge her father's death; to quench the shame
Of lust that menaced the fair Mannon name.
Self-justified, self-immolated, how
Becomingly sat mourning on her brow!
A Nemesis, inexorable, inhuman—
Yet, crouching in her heart, we found the woman.

Down in the deepest recess of her heart,
Behold a secret room, all set apart,
A cozy, comfortable place to sit,
Dainty with flowers and softly candle-lit,—
A sanctum, once, where angels might abide,
A bridal chamber now, without a bride
Or groom; deserted, desolated,
While at the door the real Lavinia waited
Alone, and could not ever find the key
Again, though searching for it ceaselessly.

And then we knew (and quickly stole away)
That she must linger there and mourn for aye,
Not for her father, nor the honor of
The Mannons, but for unrequited love,—
For dreams of South Sea Isles, of skies of blue,
And one she loved and slew.

ADMIRERS of Will Rogers will be interested in seeing him crowned the Don Quixote of our day in *The Step Ladder* (Chicago):

A KNIGHT OF TODAY

BY E. O. LAUGHLIN

A knight from out the medieval mist,
He rode forth on a broncho awkwardly,
Clad all in dauntless humor, cap-a-pie,
His lance a smile no foe could long resist—
Cow boy Quixote, eager to enlist
Against all shams, wherever they might be,
Attacking with abandon, bold and free,
Windmills and castles with an unmailed fist.

And if today he sometimes loves to sit,
Court jester, near a tottering, tinseled throne,
And mock, in cap and bells, with matchless wit,
Monarch and magnate, diplomat and drone,
Knight errant, jester, courtier, he remains
Will Rogers, Cow Boy of the Western Plains.

THE merrow is a mermaid, and this poem suggests some legend of the cow—Irish, perhaps. We don't know, but find it in *Kaleidograph* (Dallas):

THE MERROW

BY HARVEY W. FLINK

Through pasture, bog and forest
I chased a brindle cow;
My flesh was lacerated
By every thorny bough.

I thought the beast had wandered
Out of a neighbor's barn;
I followed, mouthing curses . . .
She vanished near a tarn.

I saw a creature sitting
In evening emerald
Upon a bed of rushes
Where inky water crawled.

Her naked legs were shapely;
They gleamed like silver scale,
And glittered in the twilight
As any dragon's tail.

She wore a cap of scarlet;
Her breasts were white as may;
And when she raised her eyelids
You saw the dawn of day.

I reached my trembling fingers:
I felt like any clown
When with a sudden movement
The water sucked her down.

I wish I could have stolen
The creature's scarlet cap.
She would have then been tactile
As hares within a trap.

My cottage roof is sagging,
And rusty is my plow,
While through the bog, and forest
I follow every cow.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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Girls and Girls.—"I like Eva. She's the sort of girl who stands out in a crowd."

"I'm all for Molly. She sits out!"—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Not So Digestible.—"Her father married her mother for the bread she made."

"Her suitor wants to marry her for the dough she's got."—*Boston Transcript.*

When Nerves Are Raw.—HIS WIFE—"It's about time to think about where we shall spend the summer."

CLOSEMAN—"I wish you'd say 'pass' the summer, Helen; 'spend' is so confoundedly suggestive."—*Tatler.*

Doing His Stuff.—HUSBAND (arriving home late)—"Can't you guess where I've been?"

WIFE—"I can; but go on with your story."—*Tit-Bits.*

Beating the Market.—CAREFUL HUSBAND (with newspaper)—"I see that butter has gone up to one and sixpence."

WIFE—"Don't worry, dear, I've been paying one and tenpence for some time."—*Passing Show.*

Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.—"My gosh, Bill," groaned the managing editor of the tabloid, "nothing scandalous has happened in twenty-four hours. What'll we do for the front page?"

"Aw, don't get discouraged, Steve," the city editor comforted. "Something'll happen. I've still got faith in human nature."—*American Legion.*

Daily Meditation.—HUSBAND—"No, dear, we can't go to Brightsea. We must think of all the bills we owe."

WIFE—"But can't we think of them just as well down there?"—*Humorist.*

Gave Him the Works.—FOREMAN (on excavation job)—"Do you think you are fit for really hard labor?"

APPLICANT—"Well, some of the best judges in the country have thought so."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Campaign Stuff.—*The Financial World* relays a pip of a gag from the Wall Street sector. An Irish truck driver and his helper were making delivery on Wall Street. At Broad Street he rounded the corner at a fast clip and missed a roped-off excavation only by inches. His helper became excited and shouted to him:

"Didn't you see that sign hanging on the rope around that hole, reading, 'Slow Down—Men at Work'?"

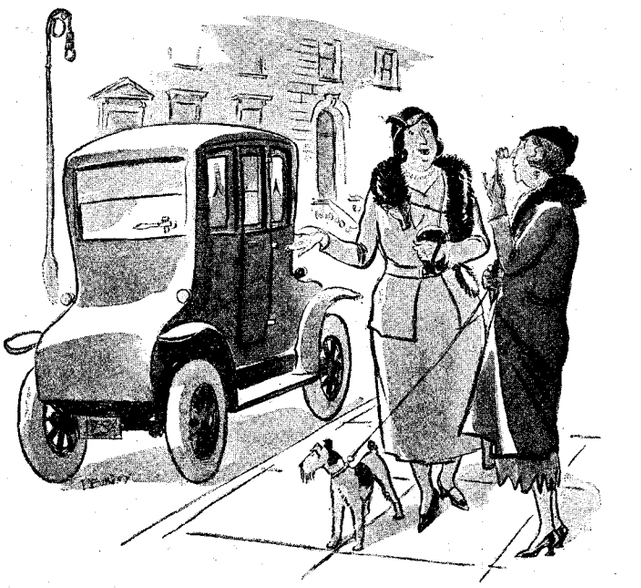
"Don't be childish," retorted the Irishman. "Pay no attention to those signs. That's only Republican propaganda."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

House-Broken.—We congratulated a lady on her silver wedding anniversary for living twenty-five years with the same man.

"But he is not the same man he was when I first got hold of him," she replied.—*The Presbyterian Magazine.*

Figs of Thistles.—"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even ten pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer. "It's a pear tree."—*Chaser.*



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"It's handy for parking on the wrong sides of streets!"—"Life."

Balancing the Budget.—TEACHER—"We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can any one think of other examples?"

CHARLIE—"Our lawn-mower from the Smiths, our phonograph from the Browns, and a pair of steps from Miss Evans."—*Pearson's (London).*

She's Got the Big Idea.—FIRST GIRL—"I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting."

SECOND GIRL—"That's true; but I don't think he's nearly as interesting as a man with a future."

THIRD GIRL—"The man who interests me is a man with a present; and the more expensive it is the more interest I take in him."—*Labor (Washington).*

No Speed Limit.—

This truthlet popped into my head
While soaking in my bath:
You won't find many speed cops on
The straight and narrow path.
—*Boston Transcript.*

And this one barged into my bean
While shaving at my dresser:
There must be lots of cops required
On the way of the transgressor.
—*Same paper.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

We've Got 'em Too.—5:00 P.M.—"Europe's Bridgetary Problems"—Dr. Julius Klein.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Truck Hit Him?—

VISITING CHINAMAN
SUFFERS M AW AWAWK
—*Butte Daily Post.*

Voice with a Hammer.—The civic program, heard over KELW each evening from 5 to 5:15 is under the personal supervision of Robert Noble and he presents each speaker in his own inimical manner.—*Glendale (Calif.) Enquirer.*

Knocking 'em Cold.—For traveling Mrs. K—— wore a suit of bran and Spanish tile with accessories to match.—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Independent.*

Hot Dawg.—Mrs. Marie Hayes of Forest won first prize in the husband-calling contest. Ben——was wiener in a fiddlers' contest.—*Marion (Ohio) Star.*

Any Get Away?—Ogdensburg—Edgar and George Duprey, fishermen, hauled in 12 surgeons from the St. Lawrence Monday. The largest weighed 205 pounds.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

How Times Change

Dr. Robert N. Montgo
322 years old, presid
Tarkio College, Missouri, at one ti
youngest college president in the U.
States.—*Columbia Missourian.*

When Time Stands Still.—

Horticulturists Told to Spray for
Months Over Week-End
—*Indianapolis Times.*

Repeat Refrain.—

Gellatly said he planned to return to his home at Wentachee toturn to his home at Wentachee toturn to his home Wenatachee tonight.
shr hrdl hrdl hrdl hrdl hrdlhrdlud night.
—*Bellingham (Wash.) paper.*

Making It Unanimous.—London, May 23—The Rev. H. S. Davidson, on trial before church authorities on charges of immortality, testified to-day.—*Indianapolis News.*

London, May 26—Several young women were painfully crusht to-day while attempting to push into Church House Westminster, to hear the Rev. H. F. Davidson defend himself against charges of immortality.—*Washington Post.*

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